

Infection Kills 2: Reaper

by A Friendly Hunter 2

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Summary: No matter how hard he fought the change, Hunter couldn't control it. Now, with his new friend Claw by his side. He will find out what it truly means to be a fully fledged Hunter. And this time, no Human will be safe from his merciless grasp.

1. Feral

Infection Kills 2: Reaper

Chapter 1 - **Feral**

* * *

><p>"Humans are pathetic, cowardly creatures. If I ever encounter one, they will meet their end at my hands."

Reaper, formerly known as Hunter

* * *

><p>How long has it been? About two years? That sounds about right.<p>

Two years of torturous treatment and agony incomprehensible by anything not infected.

I survived... but at what cost? Nothing could make me forget the pain, and nothing could remove my immense hatred towards mankind.

So, as I am dragged down corridor after corridor, awake but paralyzed. My hatred and disgust only grew stronger with each painful collision against the rough concrete ground. If I could move the guards cries would be heard throughout the entire building, and their blood and innards would decorate the walls and their flesh would fill

my malnourished stomach. But as it stands, I _can't _move. So they were spared, at least for now.

They stop dragging me for a moment as one of the guards taps on a panel to open the motorized door. Inside awaited the same scientist as had been there since day one. I hated him the most. So confident, **_**happy**_**... it made me sick.

The feeling of the syringe entering my spinal cord by force was like taking a wooden plank full of pointed nails and forcefully pushing it against your back up and down, and then it spreading to the rest of your body.

'_STOP PAIN STOP PAIN!_' Was all that rung inside my head as my thoughts rested solely on trying to stop something they had no control over. Once my spinal fluid was extracted, I am sent back to my despised prison.

The only company I had was another Hunter I began calling "Claw" in our infected language. He called me "Reaper". Every day we would talk about nothing but how to escape. And to keep ourselves strong we sparred every day. And while it left us with even more cuts and bruises for the day, we would be ready to defend ourselves once the time came.

We ate together, slept together for warmth, and mostly stayed together a majority of the time. Quite an improvement from when he was first let in here. I almost killed him, poor guy. Claw was a top-notch Hunter though, true to the ways a Hunter should be. And he wasn't afraid to kill something in his way. In fact, he wanted there to be something in his way at all times.

I, on the other hand, had yet to really kill anything on my stay here unless if you count how much life of my life I've 'killed' being stuck in this crappy excuse for a government facility. Something needed to happen, and it was about to.

"Claw." I say in our language, "When are the guards coming to take us?"

He sighs and says, "In an hou- wait, do you hear that?"

We both stay deathly quiet as we hear the sound of breaking concrete, followed by the sound of a Tank.

"Actually, I don't think the guards are coming." He says.

The scientists watching us from the observation room run out to find some cover from the attack. Alarms in the room activate, bathing us in a crimson glow. The steady drone of a siren quickly becomes annoying.

"They are just leaving us! You cowards!" I yell as I run up and kick the glass with all my might. The glass bends to what seemed to be it's breaking point, but then it bounces back and throws me clear across the room.

"Reaper, it's no use. We have both tried, and neither of us could break the glass."

I huff and growl as I claw at the air in frustration. I needed out! Claw sees my distress and puts his hand on my shoulder to comfort me, I shrug it off. How could we escape? We've come up with theory after theory of potential escapes, but none of them worked. And neither of us were strong enough to break that glass!

But suddenly, I realize something. That glass almost breaks when one of us kicks it, but we haven't ever tried having both of us kick it before!

"Claw, come over here." I tell him as I walk to the glass.

"What now?" He says impatiently.

"... Kick the glass." I say.

"It's not going to-"

"Kick the glass!" I yell at him and he kicks it with all of his might.

I kick with him, but it's not breaking.

"Push harder!" I say as I put more force into my push, as does he. Cracks begin to appear where our feet are planted in the glass.

"Now run back, and let's leap into it!" I say as I run back to the other end of the cell and wait for him. He complies. We both jump upwards and push off the adjoining wall and straight into the cracked glass wall. Upon impact the glass tries to support the force pushing into it, but it's too much and the glass shatters. An alarm goes off in the observation room, but it is easily drowned out by the much louder alarm already going on.

I cough and pull a glass shard out of my arm. Claw was unscathed, but a little shaken.

I get up slowly, my arms shaking. Same as Claws. We were finally free!

"We did it!" We both say as we hug each other in victory. We briefly look at all the papers strewn about the floor from the desk we broke upon impact. A good majority we couldn't read, but there were a lot of graphs talking about the efficiency of a cure.

I signal to Claw that we are leaving, and he crouches down and follows me to the door. I take a deep breath before slowly opening the door. As soon as the door was opened just an inch, our ears were assaulted by the sounds of gunfire. We both count down to three and run out the door and down the hall. We passed by hundreds of specials still in their closet sized cages. As we pass by them all we unlock the cells by pressing a button on the panel besides them, and we watch as they all make a run for it. We follow them as well. As we run we see countless specials in front of us gunned down, but we quickly mutilate any humans we come across.

Several hunters leap from wall to wall high above us and pounce straight onto the unsuspecting humans coming to contain us. A charger rushes down the hall and mows down a blockade the humans set up, and then smokers dragged them to us and we finished them off.

Scientists barricaded themselves in a room, but the room was quickly filled with spitter acid and they all die a painful death. The death of a nearby Boomer also meant that commons would soon be swarming the place through the hole the Tank left we were trying to get to. Claw stays right by my side throughout the whole ordeal.

We come to a closed off stronghold door. Someone had to go into the room above and open it, and no doubt there would be quite a few guards waiting for us in there. I let out a shriek calling all Hunters nearby to me, and I tell them we are going to rush in there for the best of the pack. And they agree. I send them all in, I go first. I kick the door open and jump up and attach myself to the wall and watch as a flood of Hunters leap into the room. I fall down and jump in with them. I leap and find my target, I dig my claws into his chest and rip it open. I then proceed to tear apart his internal organs and outright mutilate him. His cries of terror and pain were soon silenced by my jaws on his throat. I rip out a piece of him and devour it. As my first taste of fresh meat, it invigorated me. I wanted more, but I had to stop myself for until we got out of here.

I look up from my kill and see that the entire room was bathed in blood. I see Claw in a corner finishing up his own kill, blood dripping from his lips. I let out a shriek of victory, as do all the other Hunters with me. I quickly get up and pull the lever to release the stronghold door, allowing our escape. I rejoin Claw and we both head towards the exit together.

As the doors slowly open, and the infected try squeezing through, we see the Tank pick up a human and slam it into the wall and then throw the lifeless body towards us. It lands right in front of us.

"For a secure base of operations, I would expect better defenses." I hear Claw say as we watch the body twitch.

And, almost as if on cue, holes all along the walls open up and reveal automated turrets, and they all open fire on the infected within.

"Thanks for opening your mouth!" I say as I grab Claw and drag him against one of the walls. We try to creep along the walls and hope that the turrets don't aim for us, but rather the infected running past us.

The Tank gets angry and throws a huge chunk of concrete at one of the turrets. The wall collapses and it rains metal in every direction. A large thick steel plate lands in front of us, and I have a brainstorm.

I grab the plate in my hand and create a dent in it with my fist. I then rip two holes on each side of the dent with my teeth. My jaw now sore, I grip the two holes I created with my hand and hold it like a shield.

"Get behind my shield! We are getting out of here!" I yell to Claw over the gunfire and sirens. I quickly run towards the exit in front of us, Claw staying behind the shield as best as possible. Bullets begin hitting us as the turrets target the giant hunk of moving steel. I am able to deflect them, but the dents being made in the

metal made me think it wouldn't hold for much longer.

We finally make it to the exit of the compound, guards were waiting for us, but the Tank comes barreling past us looking for an escape from the barrage of turret fire and plows straight through the guards about to open fire on us.

We follow the Tank and eventually branch off and run down into a small ravine. Overhead was a bridge, where even more guards were waiting for the approaching infected, but we would be bypassing them. The sounds of the Tank finally going down filled the air, but not before he punches a survivor down into the ravine in front of us a few feet. We run over to him and we see that he was still breathing.

"Look Reaper! A gift!" Claw says devilishly.

I smile and say, "Help yourself, I'll have some after you." I then proceed to walk past the human, but first taking a big step on its chest, and hearing the satisfying sound of ribs crunching under my weight. As I look under the bridge for potential refuge, I hear the tortured screams of the poor human currently being eaten alive by Claw, and I smile at the sound. Once the screaming stops, all that can be heard was the sounds of bones breaking and the ravenous eating sounds being made by the starving Hunter. I was starving too, so I was looking forward to eating soon.

I sigh. We had finally made it. After two years, we were free. This was a turning point. I would be able to live out my life doing exactly what I was built to do.

Kill.

I was looking forward to it. I needed to feel the thrill of the hunt, just like I had with that poor guard in the control room. I needed to kill. I lived for it. And now that I was free it was all I would strive to do. You could call it payback, but all I called it was good, messy fun. I hear Claw get up, and he crawls over to me and taps on my shoulder. I turn to look at him.

"I saved half for you, go ahead. I'll keep watch." He says happily. His two glowing eyes rivaling my one.

"Thanks." I say as I walk past him and go slowly into a crawl as I approach the body.

I sniff in the scent of blood, it was delicious. I craved for some more food. And me being half starved only enhanced the already succulent smell of flesh. I dig in, tearing away at the corpses arm, tearing the flesh clean off the bone in nice big chunks. I tear away bit after bit of the body, even ripping the chest open wider to get at the liver and heart. It was all delicious and each body part was an equally wonderful-yet-different flavor. The blood kept my thirst quenched. And soon my chin dripped heavily with blood and gore. I was finally full. And the body was practically bone.

I breath in as I wipe the blood off my chin and I let out a breath of relief. I close my eyes as the food settles in my stomach.

"Even better than I imagined." I say out loud so Claw could hear. He

laughs in a very deep voice that sounded more like growling, due to his vocal cords.

"That's right..." He begins. "You've never eaten normal human flesh before." He sniffs. "For being one of the first Hunters, you never truly lived!" He laughs some more.

"Well, I'm looking forward to it now, where do you think more humans are?" I ask hungrily.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa." He coughs and then tests his voice before continuing. "Don't be reckless Reaper, humans are much harder to kill than you may think." He says.

"Enlighten me." I say as we begin walking.

"Well, humans travel in packs, and they react quick. If you just jump in for the kill you are gonna get shot down before you can even get a taste of anything, except lead." He says.

I growl. "Then how do we Hunt?"

He smiles. "We wait for them to give us a chance." He walks in front of me and walks backwards to face me. "Take this for example. Once I was trailing a group of survivors through a sewage plant right? Well, soon they had to head into the sewer so I waited in the dark until only one had yet to jump down, and then I pounce. I drag him away from the hole and they have no way to get back up because there is no ladder!" He crosses his arms in triumph of his tactic.

"Impressive." I say. "But what if you just killed them all? That would be even more food."

He shakes his finger at me. "It's not about just getting as much food as possible. It's about killing what's required. You kill until you are full, and you keep following them until you get hungry again. Since you've already killed one of their ranks it's easier next time. You got that?" He says questioningly.

"Y-yeah. I get it now." I say.

"Good!" He says happily. We will Hunt more in the morning!

"When's morning?" I ask.

"About an hour or so." He says back.

I laugh. Freedom never tasted this good. This was going to be fun.

I stop walking as I smell a survivor nearby. We begin moving in for the kill. We approach a small campsite of about 4 people. Two females and two males. They were surrounding a campfire eating. We watch them from the top of a building. One of the survivors sees us, so we back off to see if he lowers his guard.

"I just saw a pair of Hunters!" I hear the man say. I also hear the sound of a gun being grabbed and loaded.

"Calm down dude! You must be seeing things. I don't see anything." I hear a girl say. The other two beside her agree.

"You three are fools! We are being watched, and they will kill us when they get a chance. From now on, until we get to safety, nobody go anywhere alone." He gets up and walks around the campfire, looking towards the roofs of the buildings around him.

"When did you become the Hunter expert dude?" I hear one of the girls say.

"I used to be friends with one." Says Dario, slinging his sniper rifle over his back. "Before I went separate ways with my old group. His name was Hunter."

"You're shittin' me, there's no way you're tellin' the truth!" The other male says. "Where is he now?"

"He went feral. But there were others with us like him. His mate Rose, and his friend Alexander with his mate Elizabeth."

"Mates? Like, lovers? Oh man, this guy has a vivid imagination!" One of the girls says.

"It's not made up!" Dario yells, frustrated. But he knows it's better to be quiet so he settles down.

Done with hearing his life story, I continue watching for any weaknesses. This idea of friendly Hunters intrigued me. It would be interesting to meet this Hunter, wherever he may be. Maybe I would kill him first to make him tell me? It was tempting.

Once the survivors of the camp head to sleep, me and Claw head to sleep too. We embrace ourselves for warmth and fall fast asleep. Tomorrow we will have someone in this little group we have found.

But first, I think we need some clothes.

* * *

><p>(AN): Do you like Hunter's new name? I do! It's better than just Hunter, and since he doesn't remember anything this is not only a good plot device but also can be used for cool things later on! And just to make things clear, all the OC's from the original, plus new ones, will appear. But let me make some things clear on who exactly will appear.

Game Characters

* * *

><p>Zoey: Common appearance. But in danger of Reaper.<p>

Francis: Common appearance. But in danger of Reaper.

Louis: Common appearance. But in danger of Reaper.

Coach: Cameo, but not really a part of the story.

Ellis: Cameo, but not really a part of the story.

Nick: Cameo, but not really a part of the story.

Rochelle: Not in story (Because she's a bad character in general.)

OC's

* * *

><p>Ezekiel: Common appearance. But in danger of Reaper.<p>

Dario: Appears often, is being hunted by Reaper

Beth: Common appearance. But in danger of Reaper.

Rose: ?

Elizabeth: in the story.

Alexander: in the story.

Please note: If you submit an OC (which is highly recommended you do) and you don't make them an infected of some sort but a survivor. There is a very high chance he/she will die in the story. Other than that, just keep the character realistic and believable. I don't want a teleporting Spitter, Smoker, Hunter or anything like that that's unrealistic. (Unless you really sell it to me that it could work
;-))

Also, Freddy do not go ahead and post the most unbelievable character in the world and then contact me over Skype about why it didn't make it in. Also, if your name is Freddy and I am NOT talking about you in the sentence, if you post the most unbelievable character ever. ITS IN.

Just kidding, of course.

And, as always, I'll see you all in the next chapter!

* * *

><p>Music Listened to while typing this:<p>

Going Down by Three Days Grace

Bohemian Rhapsody by Queen

How To Train Your Dragon Complete Soundtrack (Shuddup, it's inspiring!) by John Powell

Enter Sandman by Metallica

See you later!

2. Savagery

Infection Kills 2: Reaper

Chapter 2 - **_**Savagery**_**

_"****_Humans are strange. Some enjoy what we do, and perform that same dark deeds to their brethren and siblings. While others fight to end our cause. I might not ever know why this is."_

"But I don't care what kind of person they are, they will die either way."

Reaper, previously known as Hunter

_"****_Get up Dario! We are leaving!"

I awaken at the words of the humans awaking the one known as Dario. The friend of the Hunters, or so he said. He was very interesting, it would be a shame to kill someone with such a history. He certainly did know everything about how Hunters acted. We would just have to wait and see how much he truly knew.

I shake Claw awake and he quickly gets up and shivers uncontrollably. I was shivering too, we needed to find some clothes somewhere. But we also didn't want to lose this group. We go about a block away to find some clothes, but still close enough so that the group we are hunting wouldn't get too far.

"Where do humans buy clothes from anyway?" I ask Claw.

"Beats me, if we are lucky we will find one soon." He says.

We enter a mini mart that just so happens to have hoodies for sale, and we eagerly grab one and put them on. They only came in dark blue, grey, and red though. I take a grey one and Claw takes the dark blue one. We also find some underwear.

"It feels good to actually be in clothes after all this time." Claw says.

"Tell me about it, I can actually feel like a Hunter now." I say as I lift my hood up. Claw laughs.

"What?" I say angrily.

"You look silly!" He says as he laughs more.

I look down and admit that without pants on I did look pretty silly, as did he. "You don't look any better yourself!" I say as a comeback. "Let's go find some pants."

We find two dead bodies in the back of the market. We take off their pants. It seemed like they had both committed suicide within the last week. I take their gun and put it into an inner pocket of the hoodie to look at later.

We head outside, but before we could get onto a building the group we are trailing exit out of a nearby alleyway. With the one known as Dario taking the lead. He instantly sees us and aims his rifle towards us. For some reason, I'm frozen in place.

Through my scope, I see the face of Hunter. Staring at me with empty eyes. I lower my scope, shocked.

"Hunter?" I say in a whisper, then louder. "Hunter, is that

you?"

"Don't just stand there shoot 'em!" Phil says as he pushes me out of the way and fires his revolver at Hunter.

"Wait!-" I yell as I watch Hunter literally dodge every bullet that came his way. He jump up onto a light pole and crouches down. "Stop shooting! That's my friend!" I yell at Phil. I take his gun from him as he is reloading. And I hear Hunter leap off the traffic pole towards us,

'_That's my chance! There's their mistake! They are unarmed!' _I think as I impulsively leap off the light pole towards the man besides Dario. He pushes Dario off of him, Dario has the gun, and his rifle is on the ground.

***"DIE!"** I screech out. It's the only human word I still remember. The man turns to face me, but he is not fast enough to stop me. His flesh was mine!

I pounce on the man, but I'm not on him for long. Dario is able to shove me off. I do a roll and prepare myself instantly to pounce again, but Dario runs up and shoves me into the wall, with the revolver sticking in my mouth.

"Hunter! What's gotten into you? First you disappear and leave Rose! It's been two years man! Lighten up!" He says and waits for me to respond to him. Ha! I had no idea what he was talking about. He was saying I was the one 'friendly' Hunter! Like hell I am!

I reach my arm up and press the button on the side of the revolver that ejected the bullets, then I leap up the wall and push off against it. I land at the tip of the traffic light and pull myself up. I run along it and leap into the window of a building. Claw follows me in.

"What were you thinking?!" Claw yells at me. "That's how you are going to get yourself killed! You're lucky that you were even able to get away with the way that guy hesitated before he shot you!"

I lean against the wall and slowly lower myself onto the ground. "I went when I saw my advantage."

"That was no advantage! That wa scenario. Plus the other 2 survivors following behind them!" He says as he crouches down to get into my face.

"Get out o**F MY F**ac**E!"** I yell at him and he backs off. "***I MA**d**E** a **M**is**TA**k**E! BACK OFF!"**

"Reaper, calm down. I just don't want you to die alright? We are partners. We work together!"

I take a deep breath and slowly breath out through my nose. "... Sorry. I have... anger problems." I say. "Sometimes I can't control myself."

He crosses his arms but quickly puts them down. "It's fine Reaper. I'm not mad!" Claw says and smiles. "It's just..." He walks closer to me. "I'm wondering how you have survived for so long while not

knowing how to properly Hunt."

"I... don't know." I say as I walk towards the entrance of the window. "I don't remember... anything." I sit down and hang my legs out the window. "What life... did I leave behind?" My head starts hurting the more I try to remember. I hear a ringing noise that just gets louder and louder. But all the noise stops as Claw grabs my shoulder and turns me around to face him.

"Hunter? Where do you think you are going man?" He asks.

"Huh?" I say. I look around, and see that we are in the ruins of some camp. It's giant walls slowly crumbling from erosion. I could tell that this place was abandoned a long time ago. I see a few skeletons strewn along the ground, one of them had their heads severed, and I could still smell blood. It felt like I knew how they died. But that couldn't be right. I've never been here before.

"I turn around and I see you jumping out the window, you ran all the way here." He says, looking worried. "Are you okay?"

I say nothing as I walk around with Claw by my side. There was something about this place that led me here. And there was one extremely faint smell I could make out that was familiar. I lower myself onto the ground to get a better idea of the scent I was picking up. I quickly determine the smell. It was blood from the one known as Dario.

"He turns up here too. Who is this guy?" I say.

Claw comes up behind me and asks me, "Um, Hunter. I'm getting really hungry, can we go eat?"

"Hmm?" I say as I suddenly realize my own hunger. I could go for some Hunting. "Yeah..." I say, slightly distracted. "Let's go do that."

On our way out, we pass by a series of cages in a basement. The ceiling had caved in giving us full view of an infected testing facility. Curious, we leap down into it.

"These are... Cages. And knives, and scalpels! They were torturing infected down here!" Claw says. I see a bed with restraints in the distance, and I feel so etching in my head trigger. I start getting angry.

"This... THIS..." I grip my head. "T**H**IS IS **WH**E**R**E..." I grip my head and I begin feeling immensely dizzy. "***TORTURE" **I kick a bottle away from me. "***PAIN!***"

"Reaper calm down!" Claw says. "You are scaring me!"

I stop and turn to look at him. My right eye glowing brighter than normal. "***L**e**TS **g**O HUNT, **br**O**t**HE**r." I say as I grab him and run towards the city.

We arrive at an area in the city where there is a lot of wildlife. We were going to hunt here. "Ready to hunt buddy?" I say with a mad gaze in my eye. "Show me everything you have, I want to see how much death you can cause." I say as I begin laughing to myself. I dig my feet

into the ground and leap off the building, hands first.

"FOLLOW ME BROTHER!" I yell as I land on a pole and swing forward and land on a car. Laughing uncontrollably.

"Uh..." He hesitates for a second and says, "OKAY REAPER I'M COMING!" He says as he jumps down with me.

I spot a herd of deer, and leap up onto a building, with Claw right behind me.

"This is perfect, we will eat good soon!" I say as I prepare to pounce. Claw grabs my arm.

"Wait Reaper! Remember, you can't just jump in, you gotta wait for-" I cut him off.

"-I'll hunt my own way, just watch the master. And, most importantly. Just let loose!" I say as I break free of his grip and jump off.

The herd sees me and they run, I give chase. Claw tries to follow but he's a little too slow. I run faster and faster and leap further and further. Pushing the limits do what my mutated body could do. I leap on the back on one of the deer and quickly cut its jugular. Than I leap to another and do the same to them. I am able to get away with this for another 4 deer before I get too tired to continue the chase. As the deer falls I roll off of it, hitting the ground hard. Rolling onto my back and breathing heavily. I was content. And that meant my rediscovered insanity was too.

Claw finally catches up. "Reaper..." He says, out of breath. "You are absolutely..." He takes a few labored breaths. "Insane."

"Yeah.. I am." I say back, breathing heavily myself. "But I got food!" I say. Picking myself off of the ground. "Let's eat!" I say, smiling at him.

We eat well. Unfortunately, we don't even get through the entirety of the first deer we started eating, so we were leaving the rest for the ungrateful commons. As we eat, Claw tells me about something. "Hey, so there is this place I used to go to where a whole load of different special infected would gather." He swallows a big chunk of flesh. "I was wondering if I could show you?"

At first I'm completely against the idea. I was a lone wolf, Claw being the one and only exception. But then Claw says, "That one human was talking about those other specials, right? I didn't catch it all, but it's been two years since you supposedly saw them. Maybe they'll be there?"

I think about it for a second and say, "Wait, do they gather socially or just because?"

"Socially of course! Why else for?" He says as if I said something to which the answer was obvious.

"I didn't know special infected had very active social lives. I thought they just hunted in packs to survive." I say.

"Most of them do, but they still have social lives outside of the

pack. Sometimes the whole pack goes to a social gathering of infected and cause a big ruckus. It's actually a lot of fun."

I chuckle. "Hell, why not? Let's go if you are that confident about it." However, I wasn't getting my hopes up that anybody I knew would even be there. Especially if they were friends with humans.

He leads me to a dark part of the city where electricity was apparently out everywhere. It was pitch black, I guess all the transformers were out. He leads me to this sketchy looking warehouse. I could smell blood, and it put me on edge.

He opens the door, and all the movement I could hear on the other side completely stopped. As the doors opened, I could see an obscene amount of special infected completely throughout the warehouse. In the center was a cage, where special infected were fighting. They were betting on who would win! These were betting cages, I am instantly interested.

He leads me to the counter where a smoker was attending to a few other Hunters and another Smoker. "Welcome!" He says, and then proceeds to cough uncontrollably. "Excuse me. Now, I've seen you, Claw. But not you... who are you?" He asks.

A female Hunter to the right of me looks at me. I turn away from her. "The names Reaper." I say, leaning forwards. "So, what all can one... do here?" I ask.

He smiles, his pure white eyes glowing. "Well, you can talk to other specials if that's your game. You can participate in betting on the cage matches or be in one yourself. You don't seem like that good of a fighter though. And if you can handle it, we got some human liquor here for you to try. It's more of an oddity, we don't want you to drink more than a glass of the stuff. It can mess you up, we usually have it for fun for the newbies around here. And, if you don't care about your health, we offer some cheap sex out in the back." He scrapes dirt out of his fingernails. "Usually people come for either the sex, or the cages. Take your pick. Sex is the most popular though."

'_That's that other smell I can smell in here._' I think as cringe slightly. The Smoker noticed.

"I can see from your expression you aren't interested in the sex." He laughs. "Go bet something in the cages, one of your kind has been fighting all night, she's a really good fighter. She hasn't lost yet." I comply and head for the cages.

We walk up to the cages and see who's fighting who. The same female Hunter from the bar earlier was fighting a Jockey. Apparently there was a rule in this, no using your special abilities. Only your claws and your wits. Boomers and Spitters were not allowed to fight.

"Hey, that's that female from the bar." Claw says as we approach. "Man, she's really good! She fights like you do, Reaper!" He says as we watch her beat the living shit out of the Jockey. The fighting makes me get excited. I walk over to a nearby infected and ask them about betting.

"What do you bet with?" The infected, a Smoker, says, "You bet with

whatever you have, clothes, jewelry, anything goes." I turn to walk back to Claw but the Smoker taps on my shoulder. "Oh, and, if you want to bet, I'm the guy to talk to. This place is ran by Smokers, just look for the ones with black shirts on like this one." He says as he points towards his shirt with faded white lettering.

"I want to fight." I tell him.

"Oh? I didn't think you would want to risk messing up your one good eye in there, but if you want to fight just tell that Hunter over there your name and he will let you into the ring. If you win 5 straight matches you get a free meal plus whatever else you may want, so fight hard and you'll be rewarded!" I thank him and walk over to the Hunter and tell him I want entry. He takes my name and as soon as the unconscious Jockey is thrown out, I leap in from the roof to take his place.

"Entering the ring... Reaper!" The Hunter yells. "Let's see how a newbie to the rings handles our current champ, Crimson Rose!" The special infected clap and cheer for their champ. I had no intention of losing.

We both meet in the center and exchange a few words.

"May the better Hunter win!" Crimson says as she shakes my hand, taking off her hood. I say nothing and keep my hood on to continue concealing my face.

A Charger punches a piece of metal and it makes a ringing noise, and the match begins.

The Crimson Rose moves in at lightning speed, attempting to catch me off guard with a barrage of claws. I see this coming and dodge it, and then outmaneuver her and catch her off guard with my own well placed claw to her chest. She stumbles back, stunned.

"Amazing! The Reaper has caught our champion off guard with her own technique! Their fighting styles match perfectly with each other!"

I wait for her to attack and notice her fighting stance was exactly the same as mine, she noticed too. I make my move and run for her, reaching up my claw to do a mock slash. She takes the bait and I drop down onto my back and kick her in the chest, knocking her down.

"Still using more of her tactics! How long has this fan been watching our champion fight?" The Hunter says.

Her tactic? I just came up with it. The nerve of that guy! I think as I rush in again. The Crimson Rose tries to fight back but she is too slow. I get her backed up into the cage wall, with my claw ready to strike the finishing blow. I shake my head to get my hood out of my eyes so I can see, but it falls off. Revealing my scarred face.

I hear the Crimson Rose gasp. She recognized me. Could she be? No, she couldn't. Right?

I drop my arms and I let her go. She then announces her surrender and I am called the new champion. But I say no and give the title back to the girl. I then walk back to the bar to find Claw, who went missing.

He's not there.

"Hey Smoker, where's Claw?" I ask him.

The Smoker walks over to me and leans forward like before. Resting his elbows on the table while also crossing his arms. "Oh, he went out to the back to have a... _good time._" He says, raising his one good eyebrow for added effect.

'_Figures_.' I think as I roll my eyes. The Smoker notices. "Hey, sex ain't so bad. A lot of infected do it for fun! It's not like infected can get pregnant or anything." He says.

"Infected can get pregnant, just like normal humans." I tell him.

"Hey, hey, hey." He says. "You might have me there, but we don't have sex with specific genders. People go back there to have sex with anyone if they are desperate enough."

"That's disgusting." I say.

"Well, I don't like to judge. People roll different ways and that's fine by me. Your friend requested a female though, just so you know." He says reassuringly.

"Thanks for the info..." I say as I turn away.

The girl from the ring approaches and sits down next to me. She requests some liquor.

"Again girl? I've never seen an infected actually like this shit before!" The Smoker says as he pours a drink.

The Crimson Rose takes the glass and downs it in one gulp. And turns to look at me.

"So..." She begins. "You made it."

I turn to her and say, "What do you mean?"

"You come back after two years, and I can already tell you have become a monster." She says.

"I don't understand what you are talking about." I say.

"You've become just like every other Hunter here, a bloodthirsty psychopath." She says, getting angry.

"Well, I'm sorry if I have a vendetta against humans. You wouldn't understand. It wasn't like you were tortured for a little more than two years! Me and Claw just escaped yesterday! And also, who the hell are you? I've never seen you in my life." I say. Getting angry as well. I start mixing in growls with my speech.

"So you were involved in that? We heard all about that this morning.. A lot of good infected were killed when they tried to escape." The Smoker says.

"Good is a subjective term." I say. "Nobody here is good."

"True." The Smoker says while taking out a cigarette and lighting it. I cough at the smoke.

"That's stuffs nasty, do you have to smoke here?" I say.

"Which smoke are ya talking about?" The Smoker says. "I _am _a Smoker. Both metaphorically and literally. I also get a lot of compliments from infected about how good my natural smoke smells."

"If that's the case which one do you think?" I say, giving him an eye.

The Smoker smirks. "Alright smartass, I'll save my smoke break for later." He says as he takes his cigarette and throws it on the ground. He then proceeds to stamp it out with his foot. He looks up at me and says, "You know what? I like you. You are very... interesting."

The Crimson Rose, seeing her chance, says, "To answer your last question." She takes a deep breath. "I'm your mate." She says. I look at her, obviously surprised. "My name is Rose." I hadn't expected to hear any of that.

"YOU are MY mate? This must have happened before I was captured right? I don't remember anything before that."

Rose stutters as she says, "W-wait... y-you don't?" She looks down. "You don't... remember me?"

"No, I'm sorry. But I don't remember having feelings for you. Or anyone for that matter." I hesitate for a second. "But," I begin, she looks up. I was beginning to get nervous. "I do think that... you are, uh... Attractive." I begin blushing. "And... I can see why... I-I might have been attracted to you previously with... um... how well you fight and your... sharp claws." I finish and attempt to hide my face.

Rose is just silent. Smiling heavily, but silent. She looks at the Smoker and says, "You think he's being honest?"

The Smoker laughs. "With how embarrassed he is it would be hard to not believe what he said." He rubs his eyes. "He just needs some work with his... 'compliments'." He laughs again.

Rose looks towards me again, I was still hiding my face. "Hey tough guy." She says. I look up. She grabs my face and kisses me. I move in too, enjoying this surprising sensation I was suddenly feeling. She moves away.

"Even before you changed, you never told me why exactly you loved me. And even though what you said was awfully dorky, it reminds me of why I never stopped loving you!" She says as she moves in and embraces me, resting her head under mine. I could sense she was crying.

"Geez Hunter, I started drinking alcohol after you left, I'm so sorry! It's how I got over you being taken away!" She says suddenly, pushing the shot glass away.

I pause for a moment at the name she used. "Uh, Hunter?" I say. "That's not my name!" I say, laughing. "That's so unoriginal!" I say as I laugh at the name more.

"That was your name and I loved it!" She says, slightly outraged. "Let me guess, you go by what the announcer said earlier now? What was it? Reefer?"

I burst into laughter at that name as well. "Reefer?!" I say. She looked pissed. "No, my name is Reaper now."

"Reaper." She says.

"Yup." I say happily.

"It fits your change I guess." She says. She sniffs the air. "I smell blood on you... Have you been killing people?!" She asks. Surprised.

"I ate two people yesterday, well a chunk of one and a half of another at least. And today I ate a deer." I say.

"So you are killing people regularly now huh?" She says.

"Is there a problem with that?" I say.

"Yes!" She says. "You used to be so nice and friendly to humans, now you seem... cold and a lot more emotionless than you were before. And even then you lacked a wide range of emotion because you were sad all the time." She says matter-of-factly.

"Well that boat has since sailed, I hate humans now. They are pathetic, worthless creatures. I enjoy watching the life leave their eyes. It brings me... Joy." I say.

"You have changed." She says, "But I'll fix you." She says.

I laugh. "Good luck."

The Smoker, who I had forgotten was even there, speaks up. "I hate to annoy your cute little argument/conversation but that poor Hunter Claw needs your help little dude." He says as he points towards a Hunter grabbing Claw by the hood.

"I'll deal with this punk." I say as I walk over to the hunter assaulting my friend. I didn't care if he was a Hunter or not. I wasn't going to let him harm my Hunting partner.

... Wait, did that Smoker just call me little?

-(Chapter End)-

I hope you enjoy this. I always wanted to imagine that special infected had big social lives because the only thing they could really do is talk to others like them. So I imagined this little place up. Sorry I brought up the subject of sex to the people who might find the subject a bit sensitive. But I did have to set the rating to M so I hope people see why I'm changing how I have characters talk now. Just makes it more realistic.

Also, a big thanks to everyone who has given me support. It seems like every week someone I know is dying. And that's because that's exactly what has been happening recently. Just after finishing this chapter our next door neighbor Bill died in a cooking-related accident. It's so tragic how all of this has been happening. My grandpa, my Cat, my Dog, my Brother, a friend from Church, our neighbors. Everyone around me is dying, but I have you guys to keep me going! I enjoy every review, favorite, or follow that I receive. And I read every review I get. You guys are awesome, and I enjoy doing this for you guys! (And girls) So, again. Thank you. For everything.

And as always, I'll see you all in the next chapter!

3. Scarred For Life

****_Question of the Chapter:** Are any of you guys going to see (or have you already seen) the new How To Train Your Dragon 2 movie? I'm going and I know I'm going to love it!_**

* * *

><p>Infection Kills 2: Reaper<p>

Chapter 3 - ****_Scarred For Life_****

_ 'Claw is different. I don't know how, but he seems much more different than the other Hunters out there. Maybe that's why they threw him in with me in the godforsaken cell that day. Maybe they thought he was special in some way.' _

-Reaper, formerly known as Hunter

* * *

><p>I approach the Hunter threatening Claw and roughly grab his shoulder. He turns to look at me, his own eyes glowing, but weaker.<p>

"I'm sorry." I begin. "But I don't like the way you are treating my friend." I say, my own eye glowing brighter.

The Hunter gives me a dirty look and says, "Well, maybe you should tell him not to fuck another Hunters mate!" He says, turning to Claw and raising his hand to strike him. I grab his hand as he reels it back.

"You will not hurt him." I say.

The Hunter tries to break free of my grip but he cannot. So he drops Claw and turns on me, tackling me to the ground.

"What now bitch?" He says, thinking he had overpowered me. "Who's hurting who now?"

I stay completely calm as I reach into my jacket pocket. "I'm hurting you." I say, as I grab the pistol I had picked up earlier and take it out of my pocket and stick it right in his left eye. He is forced to get up to try and keep the gun out of his face.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. Put down the human weapon. No need for that, fight me like a real Hunter!" He says.

I think about it for a second. "Hmm... nah." I say as I unload a round straight into his eye. It barely misses the brain, but causes some major damage.

The Hunter falls on the ground, crying out in a rather pathetic fashion. I drop the gun and pick Claw off the ground as the other Hunter writhes in pain.

"Feel my pain. Maybe you'll learn to not mess with me." I say to him before I kick him in the stomach, knocking the wind out of him.

"You okay?" I ask Claw. "Looked like you needed help there." I say, smiling.

Claw graciously grabs my hand and thanks me for the assistance. "I didn't think I was going to make it out of that one. He was a lot stronger than me."

I put my arm around Claws shoulder as we both walk back to the bar.

As we both sit down, Rose is outraged. "Hunte- I'm sorry... 'Reaper', don't you think that was a little... I don't know, much?!"

"No, I think it was completely necessary." I say. "Nobody threatens the infected I care about. And those who do never get off lightly."

Rose lays her head on the bar counter and covers her face. The Smoker working the bar congratulates me. "Nice job getting Woad off of Claws hide. I thought Claw was screwed for sure!"

"Not when I'm around." I say. "Say, what's your name anyway, Smoker?" I ask.

"My name is Sion." He says as he pours a Charger a drink, to which the Charger can't pick up and walks away looking absolutely defeated.

"Aww, that's so adorable." I say sarcastically.

"My name?! How?" Sion says, alarmed.

"Not you," I begin, I then point towards the Charger. "How he just left was quote unquote 'adorable'. And I was just kidding at that as well."

"Oh..." He says, relieved. "Good, for a second there I-" he stops himself.

I look at him, alarmed. "Wait." I lean in and squint my eye slightly. Saying, "What do you mean by that?"

"Oh Nothing! Nothing! Really." He says, getting nervous.

I decide to let it drop for now, and look around to see Claw missing

once again. "H-hey, where did Claw go this time?!" I say.

I look at Sion and he only points towards the back door of the warehouse. He must have really good eyesight.

"Oh for f-" I stop myself and face palm. "I'll go get him. Horny little bastard." I say as I get up and head for the door. Some strange special infected was watching it.

"What are you looking for?" He asks me, as if it was rehearsed.

"I'm looking for Claw." I say, crossing my arms.

He looks through his clipboard he was carrying and says, "Claw... Claw... Claw. Oh, here he is. So, you're gay?" He asks for verification.

My eye twitches. "No!" I say, outraged. "We need to go, I'm going in to get him out since he can't stay out."

The strange infected quickly apologizes. "Oh, sorry. My bad. Go on ahead, he's in the fourth pit."

"Thanks." I say as I pass him. But I quickly grab him and pull him right to my face, saying, "And if you _ever_ say that again, I'll ****break**** you. You got that?" I say.

"Y-yes sir! Won't do it again." He says in a panicked voice.

"Good." I say as I let go of him and proceed through the door.

* * *

><p>The smell of Sex instantly invade my nostrils, it was almost too much to bear. How could infected have sex with each other in this kind of environment? What made matters worse was that none of the 'pits', as they were called, were covered. Giving me a full view of what was happening in every one of them.<p>

'This place is beyond disgusting.' I think as I look at all the dirt and filth covering everything.

Most of the males and females were Hunters, but there were others. In pit 1 there was a Jockey ramming his, uh... 'member' into... I cringe and turn away from it.

In pit 2 there was a group of 4 four Hunters going at it, females under males. I pass by that.

In pit 3 it looked like they had just finished, a Hunter was panting heavily with a Witch sitting on top of him. Due to the fact Witches terrify me I rush past twice as fast.

And in pit 4, I find Claw. He was sitting down while an attractive female Hunter was unzipping his pants and rubbing at his crotch. Before I can say anything she takes out his... I don't even want to think about it. I blush and turn away. Even if I said anything, I don't think they would stop. I hear moans of pleasure from not only Claw but from every other pit. Except 1, that was pleased moaning mixed with insane cackling.

I watch a plethora of other infected leave and enter. The Hunter and Witch from pit 3 leave with hand in hand, and is replaced with a male Smoker and a male Hunter. I didn't really realize that so many infected were into sex like this. Especially with the same gender. For the next 10 minutes all I hear is the sound of Smoker tongue against something I didn't want to think about and Claws pleasurable moans accompanied by squishing sounds.

Eventually I just blank out the world and all of its noises as I focus on taking apart and putting back together the gun I had used earlier. Apparently something about it was broken, because the shell from the bullet I shot into the Hunter named Woad's eye was still in the chamber. So I would have to manually eject the shell for every shot. Which was annoying. But I didn't plan to use this that much if it all anyways.

Once I take it apart completely I take out a white cloth I had stored in my hoodie and clean all of the pieces. I wanted to clean the barrel of the gun, but I didn't have the tool for it. If I could find a pipe cleaner anywhere I would be set, though.

Once I figure out how to put the damn thing back together again, I peer inside the pit and see that Claw had finally finished and had just finished putting his pants back on. He was putting in his shirt now.

"I hope you had fun, because I sure didn't." I say to him, and he jumps in fear

"Shit dude, you scared me!" He says.

"We were leaving an hour ago, and you just barely finished now. Come on dude." I say impatiently.

Claw quickly put on his white undershirt. Saying, "Well, maybe you should have had a little fun too, I'm just saying."

I cringe, "No thanks, I don't have time for sex."

"That's the first time I've ever heard a male say that." Claw says.

"... Shut up." I say as I throw his hoodie at him and head for the entrance of the warehouse. "I expect you in here in no more than 3 minutes. If you start up again with that girl I'm dragging you out. And this time I won't wait for you to finish." I say before slamming the door behind me.

I head back to the bar and I see Sion cleaning. I could tell from the glow* around Rose that she was sleeping. I sit down next to her and Sion walks over to me.

"Where have you been dude? You don't smell like you were just having sex."

"I was waiting for a certain someone to finish with some girl." I say angrily.

"So he actually got a girl this time eh?" Sion asks.

I look at him questioningly and say, "What do you mean?"

He leans forward and beckons for me to let him see my ear. I lean in and let him tell me in secret. "Claw is secretly kind of a pervert. He has this camera he carries with him, and he takes pictures of the female Hunters having sex."

My eye grows wide. "Really?" I say.

"Yeah! Actually, he comes in here so often that pit 4 is always reserved for him. He just sits in there looking through the pictures and-

I stop him. "-Good. Yeah. Thanks. I get the picture."

"Heh, what? Can't handle grown-up talk?" He says insultingly.

"No, it's just I've had to listen to the endless disgusting sounds of sex for an entire hour. I'm done with talking about the subject for now."

The same two Jockeys from pit 1 walk by us and I instantly turn away from them and blush.

Sion smiles. "Oh, those two guys were back there tonight? Shit dude, now I don't blame ya. The way they do it is kinda disturbing."

I put my head straight on the table and say, "You've seen them do it too?" I ask.

"Yeah..." He says. "I used to have to make sure the infected were 'safe' back there. You know, no murders going on and stuff."

"But you don't anymore?" I ask.

"No, I invented this job to get out of. Went out and found the booze all on my own too." He says proudly.

"Good on ya, I don't blame you." I say.

I hear the back door of the warehouse open and I see Claw walk through. Now that I had a different image of what Claws social life was like, I started to see him as a different person. For one, he was a slight pervert, which I thought was pretty funny. And two, he was addicted to sex. Which may pose a problem if we ever leave Mercy City.

"Welcome back Claw. How was the hand today?" Sion says.

Claw gives him an eye and sits down next to me. I put my head up.

"You smell disgusting." I say.

"Yeah, sorry about that. I just had that... urge. You know what I'm talking about?" Claw asks.

"No." I say flatly.

"Wait, Reaper is a virgin ain't he?" Asks Sion.

"Can we not talk about this now?" I say. I hear Roses heartbeat kick up a notch. She was waking up. "Shut up!" I whisper. "Rose is waking up!" They comply and calm down.

"What are you guys talking about?" Rose asks.

"Nothing."

"Nothing!"

"Nothing..." We all say.

Rose eyes us doubtfully and yawns. "I think I'm heading home now." She says. "I'll see you guys tomorrow.", "Hopefully." She says as she looks straight at me.

I continue talking to Claw and Sion after I say goodbye to Rose, but then she comes back in and asks for me. I go over to her and we go talk outside for privacy.

"Yes?" I ask her.

"Do you have a place to sleep?" She asks me.

"Uh, well... you see, everywhere and anywhere could be a place to sleep. So- " I begin.

"-Do you or not?" She says impatiently.

"No." I say.

"Do you and Claw want to stay at my place?" She asks. "I have plenty of room."

At first I think about it. Because even though she was apparently linked to my past, I still wasn't entirely sure if I could trust her. I sensed that she was a good person. Too good. And there was no scent of human flesh anywhere on her body. That meant she helped survivors, not killed them. However, as I watch the storm clouds overhead, I agree that some place to stay would be very much appreciated.

"Uh, yeah. Of course! Thank you." I say as Claw steps out with Sion. "Claw, we are crashing at Roses tonight. Follow her and we can make it there."

"Oh? Alright. Thanks Rose!" He says. Rose just smiles.

"Let's go then!" Rose says as she jump up and pushes against the warehouse wall. I run up to a car in front of me and launch myself in her direction. Claw jumps and grabs a light pole and leaps off of that to us.

Time to find a shelter from this storm.

* * *

><p>(AN):

****Glow** is referencing the fact that the outline of survivors in game is dependent on noise level and heart rate. If a survivor is not moving, their outline disappears. Roses heart rate is lowered during sleep, so the pulse of the outline is much slower.

For those wondering, will there potentially be a few in detail sex scenes in this story? Maybe. It all depends on what you guys want for this. I, for one, am happy if we do or not. But a lot of people may want something of that sort, so I'm open to suggestions.

Also, start sending in character ideas! Send in more than 1! If they are infected they will most likely make an appearance in the story in the social parts of it. Like these betting cages we are at now!

Also, for people wondering. The whole "Claw being a pervert thing." was inspired by Meow from this awesome show called, 'Space Dandy' which I recommend you all watch, because it's a really good show!

And, like always, I'll see you all in the next chapter!

4. Solo Hunt

****_Question of the Chapter:** I haven't been able to get any sleep for the past few days, is anyone else having this problem?******

* * *

><p>Infection Kills 2: Reaper<p>

Chapter 4 - ****Solo Hunt****

'Sometimes I find I'm happier when I go out into the world solo. I'm able to think and go wherever I want without worrying about risking the harm of a friend. That, and like I said: I'm a lone wolf.''

-Reaper, formally known as Hunter

* * *

><p>I take a deep breath of relief as I watch the first rays of daylight peak over the horizon. It was a nice day. Not too hot, but not too cold either. The perfect Summer day. I hear a variety of birds among their nests in the fire escapes and windowsills of the city and I just sit and enjoy the songs they produced.<p>

I look down at the streets below and watched the slowly decaying commons shamle about and fight amongst themselves. It was always the same thing when it came to them. They just walked around with no regard for the need to feed and I didn't even know if they knew they were slowly dying.

Ever since being at the betting cage place, I'm picking up the smells of hundreds of specials all around me. Smells I had never picked up beforehand. And now that I could sense them, I could hear them a little better too.

As I explored, I could hear the sounds of a Smokers hacking cough down in the subway tunnels, and a nearby Spitter quickly became a nuisance as I realized it was dropping its acid everywhere. I could hear the relaxed breathing of a pack of Hunters through an opening in a partially collapsed building, and the laugh of a Jockey lost in a hedge maze in the park. It just dawned upon me that I had not sensed barely any specials since before last night. And now I could, but that meant they could sense me now, too.

I walk along the roof I was perched on and decided where I should go explore today. Due east was a nice little rural area that was most likely picked clean of supplies by survivors. There was no point in going there for supplies, but maybe to look around.

Directly in front of me, South, was Mercy Hospital. It appeared that the giant sign posted on the side of the building had finally burned itself out. However, it was pointless going there. Survivors have been able to take the entire building for themselves, and Rose was there to protect them. And she gave me strict instruction to never come close because the one known as Dario recently made it there and was ordered to shoot any infected on sight.

To the west was the industrial side of town. Filled with factories that still had some pollution billowing out of some of them. Probably automated. Strange how after so many years the automated systems were still operational.

And directly behind me, North, was the area I was stuck in last night. The betting cages. I didn't feel like going back there quite yet, so I immediately ruled that out. No way.

I decide to just wander and see where I end up. I jump across to another roof to my west and continue on that way. I attach myself to a pole and slide down to the ground. Claws creating sparks against the weathered metal on my descent. I land in an alleyway and step in some broken glass. I brush it off my feet before it can cut skin.

Shoes. Oh how much of a luxury they were these days. I had yet to find a pair, so I had to run around without shoes. Much to my displeasure while I was walking around in the filthy pits of the betting cages yesterday. Once we got to Roses little apartment room I was in the bathroom for hours bathing to get the stench out.

As I traverse the maze of glass I look up and wonder how all of these windows had been broken this way. Every window on both sides of the alleyway buildings had all if their windows broken from seemingly the inside. This was what seemed very interesting about alleyways these days, though. Every alley had a different story. Either a rather morbid scene unique for every one, or just something random like this. Which is why I didn't like alleyways. Finding that my venture in the end would be futile and only end with a cut foot if I continued walking barefoot in this glass, I jump and push off one of the windowsills to get back to the roof. I would stay on the roof.

As I leap from building to building I can see a group of survivors fighting what appeared to be their last stand outside a convenience store. I sit down on all fours and watch intently. A growl escapes

from my lips. Yep, they were all slowly exhausting themselves and their doom would come soon. They were just being too overwhelmed and only one of them had a gun. As soon one of them got separated by a Smokers tongue coming from one of the dark alleyways, I made my move and leaped for her. I hit her directly and knocked her to the floor, face first.

I spin her around and look into her terrified face. She knew she was going to die.

I show no remorse as I begin clawing and began attempting to tear off her breasts in chunks so I could get to the chest. It very quickly became a blood bath. Her high-pitched screams of agony was music to my ears. She begged me to stop, she promised me everything she could to make me stop, but I didn't care. In fact, I enjoyed the fact that in the last few moments of her life she reduced her self-worth to practically zero to try and escape from me.

Once I get her breasts mostly removed from my tearing, I dig my claws into her ribs and rip her chest cavity open. She dies moments later and her gorgeous screaming stops forever. I look to my right and see a Charger and Jockey ram into the other survivors and kill them too. And I see another Hunter I hadn't seen before pounce the survivor with the gun. Once the humans are dead and the specials arrive, the commons back off. They knew we would kill them if they touched our food first.

I begin eating my fill of flesh from my kill. Her flesh was especially sweet. I loved killing females, they tasted so much better. I hear footsteps approaching me and I see none other than Sion approach me. I look up at him, blood dripping from my chin, my eye slightly bleeding, and I smile at him.

"You want some?" I ask him.

"Seeing as I helped you kill her, hell yeah!" He says enthusiastically.

Sion gets down on his knees and begins eating whatever he wants. He takes the liver, much to my dislike. That was my favorite part. He also uses his tongue to twist the left arm and detaches it from the torso. A useful trick. Sion looks at me and says, "Do you want the brains?"

I chuckle. "No, I'm good. I prefer my organs with a little less water in them." Thanks though.

"It was a joke, dude."

"I know." I say.

Once we finished up on the corpse, she was unrecognizable. I got a little messy in my eating and I threw all of her intestines out to get to the better meat in her back. It looked glorious. I say goodbye to Sion and head back onto the rooftops to look for some more fun.

Now that I thought about it this was where I belong anyways. The feeling of freedom was unmatched on the rooftops where only easily scalable buildings got in my way, and no humans could get on top of

most of highest buildings, so I would be safe from any stray bullets heading my way.

My trip through the industrial district was fairly uneventful. The only thing that really happened was that a pack of Hunters threatened me to stay out of their territory. But I laugh and kill one of them to send a message. I might have to fight them one of these days.

I go past the industrial district and find a freeway. Something I had never seen before. It was flat and had a nearly endless expanse of nearly every type of vehicle imaginable all stuck in a jumble of metal and roadkill commons. I weave through the cars, quickly crawling on all fours to avoid detection. I look up at some signs and see that a few towns and cities were only a few miles away from the city. It might be worth heading to them one of these days.

The sign that seemed most interesting was one of a city known as 'River City'. Which was the closest at only 15 miles away. As I watch the sign, I get the feeling that something was about to happen. I can sense ripples in the air and I duck to narrowly avoid a bullet from a high-powered pistol. Immediately after I duck I hear the sound of the gun go off. I look and see a few humans from the hospital, probably looking for supplies around the cars. I duck behind the cars and try to sneak past them, but I have no openings. If I jump off the freeway they'll see me and I'll be shot for sure with some of the shotguns they are carrying.

"Quickly siphon the gas so we can get out of here." A man with a short Mohawk says as he patrols the perimeter. He was holding a desert eagle. He was the one who shot at me.

I continue trying to circle around them, but it's no use. However, I can see in the distance they had not come alone. Their drive up here attracted waves of commons, and the one defending them was none other than Rose.

"Hurry up ladies!" He says. "We don't know how much longer the Hunter can keep protecting us!"

I decide to just risk it and jump along the cars to get to Rose. I hesitate at first, I needed to wait for the right moment. Knowing I had to distract the man with the desert eagle, I pick up a rock and throw it in the distance. It hits a car and he immediately goes to investigate. As soon as he's out of the way, I jump on top of the car I'm on and jump.

But my foot gets caught.

I trip and fall head first into one of the survivors siphoning gas, he immediately screams out and kicks me in the head as he frantically crawls away. Angry, I grip my face and screech at him. Alerting all of the others to my presence. I try talking to the survivor, but then I remember I don't speak English.

Knowing that if I killed one of these guys Rose would be furious, I restrain myself for now. Despite my bloodlust at this given time. I get up and continue with my plan for jumping away, but this time I just jump off the freeway and run underneath it. I decide to sit there until the humans went away.

* * *

><p>It takes them an hour to finish. And in that time Claw was able to successfully track my scent and find me. But first he almost runs into the survivors himself. But then he realizes I'm under the freeway and joins me down there, narrowly avoiding a spray of shotgun pellets.<p>

"Welcome to the club." I say as he sighs in boredom. I smile.

"Auuugh! This is so boring! I wanna go hunt something!" He says.

"Well, they are about to leave, we will be able to leave in a minute." I say calmly as I try to fall asleep. "Also I hunted with Sion earlier, so I'm pretty content for the moment."

"Why are you so calm all the time?" He asks.

"Im not calm 'all the time'." I say.

"You know what I mean."

I change the subject. "You know a town that's close that I want to check out?" I ask.

"Which one?"

"River City. It sounds interesting." I say.

"I'd rather stay here, thanks." He says.

"Why?" I ask. "There is not much to do here."

"Because... Because reasons! Okay?" He says vaguely.

"It's because of the pits isn't it?" I say accusingly.

"N-no!" He says, alarmed.

"You stuttered." I say.

"... Yeah, it is." He says.

"That isn't all there is in life, you know. You're addicted to sex, dude." I say.

"I am not addicted to sex! I just feel lonely all the time. And I barely had real sex for the second time last night." He says. "Wait-" He says as he realizes what he had just admitted he had been doing back there. "What Sion said last night, it is not t-"

"I know it's true Claw. You don't need to lie, you are still my partner after all."

He sighs. "Yeah..." He looks upwards towards the ceiling and takes a deep breath. "Yeah, I know,"

"We should go to River City and see what it has, even if it is for

only a few days. It could be fun." I say.

"Maybe they will have their own place like the betting cages? Yeah I'll go with ya, sure!" Claw says.

I look at him skeptically.

"I'm. Not. Addicted." He says again.

"Suuuure." I say

"I can stop whenever I want!" He says.

"Then stop now. Or I'll never stop saying you are addicted." I say.

He hesitates but eventually gives in. "Deal." He says. "I'll show you." He challenges.

I laugh and we begin walking back towards Roses apartment. We leap from rooftop to rooftop together. We truly were best friends when you got right down to it. On the way, I ask about his camera.

"O-oh he told you about that too?!" He says. "God damn it! It's so embarrassing!"

I ask if I could see it and he very reluctantly let's me see it.

As I look through his photos, I can see that he was actually a really good photographer. He went for interesting angles in all of his shots. However, I don't look at them for long before I toss it back, and he nearly doesn't catch it. To which he swears at me for. I just laugh.

Claw was a character, that's for sure.

We pass by where I had hunted and I could smell that Sion was still nearby, and as if on cue a Smokers tongue shoots out of the darkness and wraps itself around my chest as I try to leap past. I get pulled in and Claw follows me quickly. He was slightly panicking as he didn't know who this was.

"Hey, slow down buddy. I want to talk to you about something." Sion says as he releases me.

"You have really good eyesight." I begin. "I would not have been able to hit a target that far away with such a slow moving tongue." I peer out the windowsill he had dragged me through and I see Claw scramble up the wall to try and save me.

"Thank-" Sion begins, but is interrupted by Claw.

"-I'll save you Reaper!" Claw says as he finally clambers through the windowsill looking for the hostile Smoker.

"I don't need saving."

"He doesn't need saving." We both say in conjunction.

Claw looks at Sion with surprise but then remembers I told him we met

again earlier.

We all sit down at a rickety table for a good few hours and talked. About everything. I brought up the subject of River City and Sion said he had lived there around three years ago. He said it was an interesting place, but refused to say anything more about it. He insisted that we should go, and after much coaxing I am able to convince him to come with us. Even though it would lengthen travel time.

We also talked heavily about the infection. Like when we thought it was going to end and stuff like that. I personally thought that this would end when all the infected begin starving and hunting each other, which could potentially begin happening in two years or more.

Claw said that a cure would probably be made by then, to which I say I would avoid getting at all costs. Sion and Claw agree with me as well. I never wanted to be human again.

Sion doesn't really have much to say about how much longer the infected population could support itself, but he did bring up the idea of what he thought about Witches. To which I reply I saw one yesterday in the pits looking quite happy. He agreed, having seen her leave with the Hunter. It was the first time him seeing her in there, as unstable Witches were never allowed. Which, at the time, this category covered every Witch in existence.

I express my morbid fear of Witches to which Sion completely understood. However, Claw didn't. He actually admitted he liked Witches and thought they were cool because he had met a rather nice one before.

I cut the conversation short as I notice how late it was. Sion spits put some water he was drinking and says frantically that we had to get to the cages, the place he called Smokers Paradise. Which I thought was actually really funny.

For the first time I notice the nice smelling smoke that a Sion produced. It was actually very alluring. That could come in handy some day.

* * *

><p>(AN): I'm pumping these out a lot faster than usual. I have tons of free time, and I work on it for hours every night. I hope you enjoy. They don't do much in this chapter but it's still nice for the length. I'm trying to give my stories more detail, but it seems I can't really keep consistent with it. I'll get a hang of it one of these days.

Enjoy the chapter!

And remember, I'm still actively accepting all character requests for potential appearances in the story. As of me typing this I have yet to receive any. Come on guys, I know you have ideas in your amazing noggins! I'm looking forward to it!

Also, soon two yet-to-be-seen Hunters from Infection Kills will reemerge! I bet you can guess who! ^,...,^

And, as always, I'll see you all in the next chapter!

5. Revelations

El Barto 227, the wonder collaborator:

Hey guys/gals, I'm El Barto 227 and I'm helping AFH with this chapter, which includes my OCs, Scratcher and Abigail. If you want to see more of them, check out my story "Safe Haven" (yay, 99% shameless plug!) **AFH: God damn it dude. -**

EB227: lol.

AFH: I said I would advertise your story anyway, so meh.

EB227: I figured I'd save you the effort lol.

AFH: Well, it is good. GO READ IT IT'S BETTER THAN MINE.

EB227: Honestly, I like IK more. But only a little more.

AFH: Oh you. :3

EB227: Well, I think we should get on with the story, don't you think?

AFH: Aww, do we have to? Just kidding let's do it YO.

EB227: On it. Audience: Enjoy, R&R, and please don't kill me. **KILL HIM. DO ET**

Infection Kills 2: Reaper

Chapter 5 - _**Revelations**_

'_I look around at the people who have found me once again, and at the new friends I have made since my escape. And I just wonder if me just knowing them puts them in danger? I also wonder why I'm the only one who has to deal with this. But sometimes I think, am I really? I don't think I'll ever really know.'_

Reaper, formerly known as Hunter

"Reaper, I don't care if the Jockey's freak you out. We are going to Smoker's Paradise." Rose says as she tried to get Reaper out from under the table. She sighs, "He can be a child sometimes."

Sion grumbles impatiently from the doorway. After a moment's wait, he stalks into the room and lashes at Reaper with his tongue, catching the stubborn Hunter by the arm and reeling him in like a fish. Reaper desperately grabs at a rotting table leg, but it snaps off quickly, much to Rose's displeasure.

Rose's eye twitches at the sight. "You are going to replace that..." She says angrily to Sion. The Smoker simply shrugs in response.

"It shouldn't be too hard." Claw says as he watches it all happen off in a corner. Rose just gives him a dirty look and he looks away to

avoid her penetrating gaze.

After the struggle of getting Reaper out of the door subsides, he eventually gives up and walks with them peacefully towards Smoker's Paradise in utter defeat. He was growling at the thought of returning there, but if he tried to run he couldn't escape Sion's expert aim.

"You can borrow Claw's pit, if you like," Sion says, holding back laughter.

"I will hurt you." Reaper says angrily.

"You wouldn't even come close!" Sion says confidently.

"Quit it, you two!" Rose steps between them, with another one of her withering glares.

"He started it..." Reaper says quietly, but Rose hears him.

"Oh grow up you two... seriously." Rose says as she looks skeptically towards Reaper and Sion.

As we approach the club, we could see a variety of different special infected appear out of the shadows and casually walk inside. One of the same strange special infected from two days ago was managing all entrants into the club. Like a bouncer. Again, like the first time coming here, at first I had trouble sensing the amount of specials there really was, but once their assorted scents entered my nostrils I could sense them better. Maybe on account of how I was made to be blind, so my nose would be one of the best ways of detecting people.

We step up onto the curb and once the strange special sees Rose he immediately opens the door for her, and proceeds to shut it in our faces as soon as we approach. Sion waves at him and he is able to walk straight in as well. Leaving me and Claw outside.

"Hey, what's the deal? Let us in!" Claw says angrily. "I literally come here every night! You guys should know me by now!"

"After your friend's," He points at me, "'Incident' a few days ago. We have to make sure everyone won't cause trouble while they are here. Don't get into any trouble" he warns as he opens the door for us. We both walk in and see that the betting cages weren't open tonight.

Despite this, the place was still very active. To pass the time a lot of the specials were set up in groups and arm wrestling. However, with how rough they were playing I was surprised there were no broken limbs yet. There was a Charger sitting alone at one of the tables looking sad, which was ironically the same Charger that couldn't pick up the shot glass a few days ago.

I see off in the corner that a group of Hunters are playing some sort of card game. I can hear one of them say "I swing for 1!", then he curses when the other puts a card on the table with a grin.

One of the Hunters not participating in the game speaks up. "Really? A Charging Badger is a waste of a kill spell," He says. "Just block

it with your Nyx Weaver,"

I notice Rose is among the group playing, and all she says about what was just said is, "What the fuck is even going on?!" The Hunters laugh and the one that explained what to do started explaining the game to her.

"It's a game. The idea is to damage the other player enough to beat them. I've been teaching these Hunters how to play. The number of fights has almost halved, believe it or not,"

The game seemed to mystify Claw. He took one of the cards not being used off the table and looked at it. "Hey Reaper, these cards look cool!" He says as he passes me the one he was holding. I take it and find that another card was beneath it, and I instantly grew a liking for the artwork upon the card.

"This card looks really cool, what's it called?" I ask the Hunter teaching the game.

"That's Reaper from the Abyss. Name's right at the top," he pointed it out. "We're playing Magic: The Gathering. I found a bunch of boxes in a comic book store a few weeks back, and it seems to have caught on quickly,"

Ignoring the fact that I couldn't read English that well, I decide to move on back towards the bar to see how Sion was doing with the sudden influx of a few new specials that had shown up tonight. In the distance I see a Witch, and I make sure to make a mental note of her location and stay away. Claw seems to have vanished again, but I see him sit down at the table where they were playing Magic, and I was glad that he was trying to stop himself from going to the pits like he had promised.

I sit down on a stool and Sion comes over to talk to me. "Why were you prevented from coming in earlier?" He asks. "I was about to say something, but then he let you in."

"Eh," I begin, "Something about me shooting someone in the eye is apparently frowned upon here." I say as I itch at the cloth covering my missing eye. "It's a shame too." I say sarcastically.

"Hey, Reaper?" Sion asks. I look at him and say, "Yeah?" As he begins wiping off the table after a Boomer so rudely left a mess, "How did you lose your eye anyways?" He asks.

I sigh, at this point I couldn't even remember that either. It was before I was captured, and from what I could gather I lost my memory during that time. "I can't remember. I think maybe Rose would know. You should ask her if she ever comes over here tonight. She and Claw seem pretty absorbed into that card game."

"You don't remember much of anything do you?" He asks. "Whatever I ask you about your past I have to hear from Rose. Seems pretty unfortunate for you."

"Blame the humans for that, another reason for me to want to kill them." I say.

Overhearing this, the Hunter at the table raises an eye, but says

nothing and turns back to the players.

"Seems someone over there was interested in your comment." Sion says. And I remember he had really good eyesight and could keep track of multiple things at once.

"I don't care, let them think what they want to think. If they ever get in my way I could probably kill them anyways." I say harshly.

"No need to be that way, Reaper. He didn't mind for very long anyways." He looks over to the other side of the room. "But... it looks like Woad has seen Claw again. Might cause something. You should get ready to help Claw." He says worryingly.

"Yeah, just have my back. I don't think he would approach him so eagerly after me shooting his eye the other day. He might have some friends in here." I say as I get up and begin walking towards Claw. Sion agrees to follow and vaults over the bar counter, but he stumbles on landing. I turn to look at him, eyebrows raised.

"Yeah..." He says, "I'll leave the whole jumping thing to you and your kind." He says as he recovers.

As expected, Woad walked directly up to Claw and grabbed him, and as I ran up to stop him, another Hunter got in my way. On instinct, I grab the nearest thing that I could easily use as a weapon. A small vase with a flower inside. I pick it up and smash it right into the Hunter's face. The vase broke into hundreds of pieces and caused the Hunter to grip at his face. Both of his eyes were already missing, but it still caused some pretty good cuts. I think a few shards actually went into his eye socket as well.

I look at the table I had just gotten the vase from and I see the same Charger silently weeping over the loss of the flower. I guess he had been waiting for a mystery date of some sort. Poor guy. Just as I think this, however, a Spitter walks in and approaches him. He instantly gets up and charges his way out the front door, throwing the bouncer outside a few feet in the process, as well as knocking over a few specials trying to enter.

'_That guy has the worst luck.'_ I think as I watch this happen. But then I remember I have to help Claw, and continue my approach. The Hunter that was teaching the game tries to stop Woad, but gets punched the jaw. I run up to Woad and put him in a headlock to try and get him off Claw, which succeeds for a few seconds. Until he pushes me off and I bump into an approaching special infected from behind me.

I first begin to panic when I hear a warning growl. Not a Hunter's. I turn to face a mad Witch, and shriek, running away and leaping painfully back onto the bar. I slump to the floor and pick myself up again, looking to see if she followed me.

I see the Witch and Hunter breaking up the fight. The Witch stands between Claw and Woad, her claws raised in a threatening pose, scaring them into submission, while the Hunter keeps Woad's friend subdued.

Sion wraps his tongue around Woad, drags him toward the door, and unceremoniously kicks him out. Literally.

After the troublesome Hunter is kicked out, I let his friend go and turns to face the one that just collided with the bar. I offer a hand to help him up.

"Name's Scratcher. You don't need to worry about Abigail, she's really a sweetheart," I say, and put an arm around Abigail. She smiles shyly at the Hunter. "Sorry about that," she says.

He looks at Abigail in genuine fear. But hearing her apologize seemed to calm him down a little. He says, "Um, no problem. I've just had a rough history with Witches. I hope you understand."

I laugh. "First time I ever met a Witch, I ended up with a new checkerboard on my back. Don't ever dump a bucket of water on a Witch, no matter what the bet is for," I say.

He chuckles, but also shudders at the thought. "Yeah, I was impaled by one through the stomach. Not the best experience. They are much stronger than they choose to let on."

Abigail nods. While not starving like most Witches, she is still skinny, but stronger than I am, and capable of seeing in near-pitch black.

"So, what are you up to?"

He looks towards his friend, who was approaching from behind, and then says, "Well, tomorrow me and my partner over there where thinking of travelling to a place called River City. I thought it sounded interesting. We've exhausted most sources of fun here, at least what I think is fun."

At this, both me and Abigail quickly try to cover our shock. "River City, you say? Hmm. I've been there, and it wasn't a great experience. The normals took control of it about two years ago. Dug a massive trench, penned the infected in, tried to slaughter them. We made it out, but many were not so lucky. Although I've been hearing rumors—" He trails off.

The Hunter gets a concerning look in his eye, not one of fear, but one of excitement. "Sounds fun. Where there are normals, there will be death. That's where I want to be. Thanks for convincing me to go."

I sigh. "Listen. It's not that simple. I've been hearing that the humans are going on the defensive. They've lost half the place, and their snipers can take out a Hunter before he gets close. If you go, take me with you, and I might be able to help you navigate the place without getting a Fifty-Cal to the face," _and hopefully stop you from doing anything stupid, _I finished in my head.

He ponders this for a few moments until he says, "If you know the City, I would appreciate you going with me. But don't think I can't take care of myself. I am, after all, the first Hunter ever in existence. I'm sure I can handle a few humans, I am capable of dodging bullets."

I shake my head. "I've heard several Hunters make that claim. They're all wrong,"

He looks at me with a dead serious expression. "Were those Hunters captured by humans and tortured for two years so they could extract their spinal fluids to begin the creation of a cure? Which only a patient zero of an infected class could produce? Yeah, I'm sure others have made this claim. But there can only be one patient zero. And it's me."

"Hmm. September 17, 2011. I was on the CEDA research team trying to find a cure for this disease. You see, it was a potential bioweapon, and the government needed to be sure they could contain it, if some terrorist group or something got a hold of it. Our first attempt at a vaccine, the day before, failed horribly. A Common Infected injected with it underwent a mutation overnight. Overproduction of bile, a Boomer. The next day, when we went to check up on it, it vomited all over three of us. The ordinary Green Flu virus had mutated, and it was very aggressive and unstable. It turned me into what I am now. I was used as a lab rat by my colleagues, because for the first time, an immune survivor had been infected. Three immune survivors," I took a deep breath to calm myself.

"Anyway, we changed. a Spitter, a Hunter, me, and a Smoker. The day Infected overran Mercy, we escaped. The virus circling around our bodies was still unstable, and so If you had been infected then by a common that came into contact with us, you may have caught a stronger version of the mutagenic Green Flu that causes the Special mutations. It soon weakened to only affect non-immunes, and form the just-below-average-intellect specials we know and love today. You may have been one of the first, and thus very valuable to understanding a potential cure, but I'm certain I was the first," I pull a worn, folded piece of paper out of my pocket, one that I look at every day. Results of the tests they performed on me before the outbreak, and hand it to him. "This has the dates, see? Maybe if I had equipment... We're probably almost the same, except i'm not deteriorating any further," I glance at his missing eye. "It's possible I may have been the one that infected you, giving you a strain of the Infection very similar to mine,"

He looks down at his hands, deep in thought. Then he looks up, angry. "Then why the hell did they chase me for so long?!" He hits his hands roughly on the bar counter. "They told me directly I was the first! Could they have been looking for you instead? If you did bite me, that could be why they chased me and not you."

"Oh, man, that's probably it. I'm sorry. I wasn't exactly in control of myself once I got out-"

"-I don't care about that you bit me! In fact, I'm glad. It's just all the shit that happened afterwards is why I hate humans. This whole... thing... this freak of nature caused the death of my parents. From what Rose has told me." He looks, "I just..." He sits down on the stool and says. "I just wish..." He doesn't seem to be able to find the words.

"That none of this shit had happened? That we were still in a normal world? I do, too. Every day," I say.

He sighs and says. "So if you were the first Hunter, that would make

me the second? I wasn't immune, at all. So why am I even like how I am? I had no resistance to the infection. My body just welcomed it in and couldn't fight it off to save itself." He looks at me. "Did it really weaken that fast? Or am I just a special case?"

I'm intrigued by this question, but cannot answer it.

"I have no idea," I say, then shrug. "Probably the only way to find out would be to hand ourselves in, and I don't think either of us like that idea,"

He smiles weakly, but it quickly goes away, "Yeah, twice is enough. Thank you."

"Glad I could give you some answers. Should we get going now?"

"Yeah, let's do that." He says. "Maybe if we go to where you used to work, we could find some more answers about this."

"One day. If a Tank hasn't wrecked the place," I say, and smile at him.

I stand up and go over to Claw to tell him that this Hunter was coming with us. Claw makes no objections. I turn to Scratcher and say. "Well, I'm ready if you are. Should we pack anything before we go?"

"I have some basic supplies back at my place. Are you ok with Abigail coming along?" he says.

"Uh," I begin, "Will take some getting used to, but I don't have any problems with her coming."

"Then We'll go and get our stuff, and meet you back here in about ten minutes," Scratcher says, taking back the sheet of paper.

Rose comes up to me and says, "You better not get yourself caught again. I'm not going to wait another two years for you to come back." She looks into her pack. "Oh, and a certain survivor from our past wanted you to have this back." She says, taking out a custom red pistol from her backpack. "She wanted me to give it to you once we got our home picked out. But I just barely remembered now. She says the bullet with your name on it is still inside, I haven't used it."

I graciously take it, it was a very cool looking gun. The magazine was stuck, but I would get it loose on the travel. I thank her and wonder who the survivor she was talking about was.

I turn and see that Scratcher and Abigail had already left to get their stuff. So I take Claw with me to go pack some of our supplies as well.

After this turn of events, I was interested to see just how special this 'Scratcher' guy was.

****(A/N): So, next chapter.****

****Yay.****

****I hoped you enjoyed it!****

****Also, the How To Train Your Dragon 2 Movie was simply amazing.****

****ALSO, do you have anything to say Mr. El Barto?****

Not really, other than that this has been great fun and I hope you all enjoyed it. And the M:TG joke that maybe went a little too far was my fault lol. ****IT SHOULD BE LONGER****

****Longer, like how in Monsters University that freaking slug guy that had his own dedicated scene that lasted 30 seconds of him trying to move like 2 inches. It was glorious.****

Must have been hell to animate, though****.****

****Yeah, with my experience in Maya, that probably took 20 times the amount of time the scene actually was. Which is really crazy to think about. Unless they just reused the animation of him trying to move and layered them on top of each other. But now I'm getting too technical.****

Yeah, science is my area of expertise, not animation
#MindLiterallyBlown(Up)

****Lol, Well, again, thank you El Barto for assisting me with this chapter, as well as using your OC's. AND, make sure to check out his fanfiction. It's really good. If you have trouble finding it you can find his name in the reviews.****

I is a review spammer. But yeah, that's a good place to look. I'm in dire need of feedback, btw. See you all next chapter, folks.

Now get off my lawn.

****Stealing my lines... . Have a good day guys and gals!****

6. The Plan

Infection Kills 2:** **Reaper****

Chapter 6 - The Plan

'At my first glance of the silhouette of River City from afar during a sunrise nothing seemed to be wrong with it. However, upon entry it's a whole other story. Don't come to River City, it will be your resting place.'****

-From the journal of survivor Jennifer Roberts, found by Scratcher

*** * ***

><p>"What do we even need to take for just a few nights out of town?" I ask the others as I look for potential supplies.**<p>**

"Survival stuff." Sion says.

"Duct tape!" Claw says.

"Nothing that's mine." Rose says. I jokingly give her a dirty look and she returns the favor. We both laugh.

"I'm liking the duct tape plan." I say as I put a few rolls in. "Duct tape can do anything."

Rose objects. "It can't lift a car."

"Actually, it can." Sion says. "Some guys did it on TV. In the side rooms of the warehouse there is a TV with some DVD's we've found around. Some are blue and don't work, but one of the ones that did showed them lifting a car with nothing but Duct tape."

Rose gave him a look and mouthed the words '_Don't correct me_'. He complies and also apologizes. "Well, don't take just duct tape!" Rose says as she sees me cram the backpack full of duct tape. She sighs, saying, "Take out all the excess duct tape, and I'll go bring you two medical kits that the survivors give me the surplus of. Okay?" She runs downstairs to go get it. On the way we also hear her say, "Taking all my duct tape. Rude." We also hear the sounds of a closet door opening and an avalanche of stuff raining down. Followed by a string of curses by Rose.

I pack a few boxes of handgun ammo, a compass, and a hunting knife. I didn't know why I needed it, but Sion thought it was a good idea. Claw also brings me some food to take with us, but all if it was perishable. Sion smacks Claw lightly on the head and goes to get some granola bars. I also grab a can of peaches.

Rose comes back with the medkits and says, "If anything that's mine is in there take it out."

"It's nothing you need." Claw says.

"You sure about that?" She asks as she places the medkits down and puts her hands on her hips.

"Yeah." Claw says, uneasy.

"Uh huh..." She says as she walks over to the backpack and pulls out the can of peaches. "My can of peaches? You gonna do me like this? Leave me and take my peaches? Who does that?" She tries to hold back a laugh as she begins to fake cry.

I laugh and say. "Oh shut up!" I say. Everyone else laughs. "I saw three other cans back there, you're lucky I didn't take them all! I love peaches."

"It's not about the can of peaches!" Rose says, suddenly serious as she steps right up to my face. "It's about sending a message!" She says as she pushes me slightly and laughs some more.

"You are so adorably crazy Rose." I say. "I love it."

She smiles and hugs me. "Just make sure you come back! I still need to rematch you in the cages."

"I could do with another easy win. Deal." I say.

We start walking back towards Smoker's Paradise, and I began to get excited. Going somewhere new that had the possibility of danger just seemed exciting to me. As well as learning about my past. However this Scratcher guy was making me feel uneasy.

He was the first Hunter, not me. Despite not only me being hunted, but also from my spinal fluid actually working to manufacture a cure, as well as some blood. And from what the paperwork said the night we escaped, it was working.

But, hey, I was perfectly happy with the idea of potentially passing off all of my attention from the government to this Hunter. It would let me live in peace, like I had always wanted. Just me, my fellow Hunters, and deer and other such prey.

****Especially humans.****

Anyways, on the subject of this new development, I could tell I was much stronger and quicker than him. He worried about the possibility of getting shot, while I could actually dodge gunfire. He was an interesting one at that. His claws, while sharp, lacked the thickness and sharpness of mine. He wouldn't be able to impale someone straight through the chest in a single lunge of his hand, like I could. Was it possible his immunity prevented him from truly developing in these areas to the fullest?

Another thing about him, he seemed to have that notion of being careful, like Claw. It annoyed me. I didn't have time for careful, if I need something dead they are going to die. Quickly. I don't see what the big deal is about it either. If they just stopped caring so much about safety they would be so much more deadly. Of course there are still times when you have to be careful, but other than that just let loose and have fun! Don't let anything stand in your way...

"Hey Sion?" I hear Claw say, I look ahead of me and see Claw and Sion walking side by side.

"Yes? What?" He says as he closes a small book he had been reading.

"What do you think River City is going to be like?" Claw says excitedly.

Sion takes out a cigarette and lights it. Saying, "I hear it rains a lot this time of year." He says before blowing out a cloud of smoke. It irritates my nose. "It's close to a lake, so it explains where it comes from."

I speak up. "The Rain is nice." I look in their eyes as they turn to look at me. "It's peaceful. Relaxing."

"And cold and painful." Sion says. "With all of these pores releasing gas when they get pelted with rainwater it actually stings a lot! I hate rain."

Claw agrees with Sion. He hated rain too. Was I just weird? Just extremely weird? I seemed to like things that every other infected didn't.

As we turn a corner, we see a Hunter run past us. He seemed quite young for a Hunter. I was immediately surprised that he had survived the change. The Green Flu usually kills off anyone young. The Hunter stumbles and trips. There was nothing there for him to even trip on, he just decided to drag his feet.

I hear running and I see a common infected run by us, however, it stops and turns to us, "H-hey, have you guys seen Jason? He's a Hunter, kinda short, just ran somewhere in this direction." He looks at me.

"Are you a common infected?" I say. Surprised.

The common put his hand on the back of his neck and says, "Yeah, I am. Now have you see-"

"-I've never actually talked to a lesser being before." I say.

"Hey, that's not fair!" He says. "I'm no lesser than you."

I flash my claws. "Well if you have survived this long. You have some smarts. Just don't expect to kill any survivors very soon." I say as I begin to walk away.

"H-hey!" He says. I turn. "Well, have you seen him? Have you seen Jason?"

"Second alleyway to the right. He slipped and is currently trying to tie his shoes, from what I can detect." I say.

"Thanks. My name is Jonathan by the way." He says as he sticks out his hand. I reluctantly take it and I'm amazed at how weak a common infected really is. His best handshake was pitiful. He then turns and continues his chase after the strange young Hunter. _'What a group they were.'_ I think._ 'What a group.'_

We have to take a detour through a plaza to avoid a patrolling group of government agents. I guessed they were still trying to hold Mercy City. But they could barely withstand the survivors at the hospital once they tried to take it. And without medical supplies they couldn't study the cure anymore.

"Why can't we just ****_kill_**** them now?" I say as I fold my arms grumpily. "They ****deserve**** it." I eye the agents from our hiding spot inside a walled off gazebo in the middle of the plaza.

"Because..." Sion begins. "We have more pressing matters to attend to, and we don't want to miss Scratcher by being late and killing these guys." He stamps out his cigarette. "Plus, I would most likely get shot, I have to stand still while I reel someone in or I'll fall." He checks his pocket for more cigarettes but finds that he's out. "Damn it, gotta go find some more." He says quietly but loud enough for us to hear.

Once the agents are out of sight I slowly walk down the steps of the gazebo and look around carefully. I hug the side of one of the gazebo's walls and I look around to see if there is anything hiding. There isn't.

"It's clear, let's go guys." I say as I run to a wall and stay against it as I walk along it. I get to the corner of the building and look around it and see only the bodies of a few dead commons and the body of an agent who was shot in the head. Sion walks over and takes the agent's gun out of his lifeless hands.

"This guy's gun is... impressive!" Sion says as he turns it in his hands over and over. It was a revolver with a laser sight and a custom design along the whole thing. Everything about it had been modified from the typical revolver. Sion instantly took a liking to it. He points it ahead of us and acts like he's aiming carefully at something. He waits a few seconds and fires. The revolver had tons of kick, Sion wasn't expecting it and he drops it. He looks up as he kneels over to pick up the gun and his eyes go wide and his jaw drops.

"There's no way." He says softly. "No way in hell!" He says louder. He picks up the gun and runs in the direction he had fired. At first I didn't see anything, but as we kept running I saw a common infect lying on the ground with a missing head and an explosion of blood everywhere. "I shot it... I shot it..." He looks at me. "I shot it!" He keeps repeating another few times.

"You have really good aim!" I say.

He looks at the gun. "No, this gun is incredibly accurate. That's what's good. I killed this infected from a distance beyond what you can see through the smog."

"Then keep it. We don't want to be late." I say, quoting him.

He smiles and nods as he shoves the revolver in his pocket.

We finally arrive at Smoker's Paradise after the cumbersome detour we had to take. It sucked having to travel with a Smoker, but we tolerated it. We see that Scratcher and his terrifying Witch friend Abigail weren't outside, so we guessed they were inside. As we walk through the entrance the bouncer seemed to not care about warning me not to cause trouble. However, I decided to ask him what exactly he was.

"I'm known as a 'Spiker' by the humans. Original, I know. I grow long sharp shards on my back I can tear off and use for pretty much anything. They grow back almost instantly too, so I have an infinite supply as long as I have energy." He points to one on his arm and it extends outwards. "They also make killer projectiles." He says as he points his arm towards a nearby billboard and thrusts his arm forward violently. The shard launches out of his arm at blinding speeds and strikes the billboard with a loud wooden and metallic clang.

"How many of you are there?" I ask him.

"Two. Me, and my brother over there." He points to the one watching the pits. "There used to be three, but he was killed during the escape a few days ago."

Before I could reply to him, Scratcher comes up behind me and says, "Are you ready?"

I turn to him and say, "Yeah, let's get going."

He raises his finger and says, "First, we gotta talk about some things."

I follow him inside and we sit at the bar, Sion finds a spare pack of cigarets under the bar counter and greedily snatches it up and takes one out. I give him a dirty look at the smell of the burning cancer-stick, but he just walks away.

"Okay, so, first we gotta get some things straight." He says as he takes out a map of River City. "So, this area is where we are going to enter. Through the water treatment facility. There is a tunnel that leads right into the city and I've recruited a Charger to take out the grate blocking entrance. Once through the grate an emergency access door will lead to the subways."

I put my finger on where the entrance is. "And we are entering through there, right?"

He shakes his head. "I'm afraid not, it's caved in by explosives. We are going to climb out of the drain here." He says as he points to it.

"What about me?" Sion says. "I can't climb out of that!"

"I already have a solution, let me finish." He says as he looks back towards the map. "So, there is a service elevator right here that's likely out of power and needs to be reactivated from the top here, so we will have Claw wait with Sion down there while we go up and lower the elevator for them. Sound good?"

We all nod.

He turns the map over and reveals a map with sections separated randomly by red and blue. He takes a deep breath, "River City is currently going through a type of turf war. Thousands of normals have made the city their home and they are trying to kill off all of the infected. However, specials are creating more infected at the same rate they die. And normals are having children at the same rate they die. So it's basically a stalemate." He points at a place on the map. "This is my lab, this is where we need to go. See the problem?" He says as I examine the map.

"... It's deep in human territory. Very deep." I say quietly.

"Yeah, approximately 1000 normals live in that neighborhood alone. So we can't just walk in." He says. "But we will figure something out, I'm sure. I always do."

I began to get skeptical on whether this would work or not. Scratcher showed confidence in his plan and it was very difficult for me to tell if he was lying or not.

"Is that the entirety of the plan?" I say, he nods. "Are you sure this will work?"

He smiles. "If you shut up and follow my lead, yes. If you go off by yourself expect a few bullets in you. You can dodge bullets, but can you dodge bullets coming from every direction?" He says.

I shrug. "I guess we will find out if, or when, it happens."

Scratcher finishes going over some of the details of the plan, and then we head out. I look into Claws backpack as I pick it up off the floor and see that it is filled to the brim with duct tape.

"Claw, Rose is going to be really mad at me when she finds out what you did." I think to myself as I toss it to him and grab my own. This was going to be an interesting field trip.

* * *

><p>-[CHAPTER END]-<p>

(A/N): I hope I got Scratchers personality okay. Meh. Sorry about the wait guys, writers block is annoying.

Also, Mr. El Barto (The creator of Scratcher and Abigail) made an interview of his character on his profile, so go check it out to learn the characters morals and stuff.

Anyways, thanks for reading! I hope you all enjoyed this chapter, it was hard typing when you have no ideas for it. I'll try harder next time guys!

And, as always, I'll see you in the next chapter!

7. The Decision

Infection Kills 2: **Reaper**

Chapter 7 - **The Decision**

* * *

><p>'I found it very awkward traveling with a Witch. Not only did I jump whenever she made any sudden movements, but she also had to stop and rest so many times I quickly became annoyed.'

_ 'In the end, I'll probably never get over my fear towards Witches. And I guess that's for the best.' _

-Reaper, formerly known as Hunter

* * *

><p>We travelled off and on all day for two days. It took us longer than we originally thought due to Abigail's constant need to stop and rest. This morning she even threw up and I began fearing that whatever sickness she had would get worse.<p>

"Is this the place Scratch?" I say as I look into the distance and see a building surrounded by giant vats of dirty water. I sit on a fallen log to relax.

Scratcher gets up from tending to Abigail and walks over to me. "It sure is. I instructed the Charger to get here before us, he should be waiting at the facility. I hope he didn't leave because it took us

one day longer than what was expected."

"If he did..." I begin. "I'm sure with some '_convincing_' I could rip the grate open myself."

"What do you mean by 'convincing'?" Scratcher asks.

"You will probably find out during our stay in the city." I say.

Instead of replying, Scratcher just rolls his eyes and goes ahead to investigate, Claw follows him.

* * *

><p>"You know something?" Scratcher asks Claw. Claw looks at him. "I still can't figure out your friend." Scratcher stops talking as he drops down into a small ravine leading to the tunnel entrance. "He tends to be reckless, I get that." He begins. "But, he doesn't seem to have the traits a reckless person has. He cares about you, cracks a few jokes once in a while. Has fears and inhibitions... a reckless person either doesn't have or doesn't show a lot of these things. It's kinda like he's two different people!"<p>

Claw crosses his arms as he thinks about this. "Reaper has been through a lot. From what I know, he wasn't always like how he is now." Claw drops down into the ravine himself. "He used to be more careful, less reckless, and he actually liked humans. He was even in love with one for a while if what Rose says is true." Claw put his hands behind his head. "I've never seen any evidence of this at all, though."

They continue deeper into the depths of the the tunnel looking for the yet-to-be-seen Charger.

* * *

><p>Abigail looks nervously at Reaper, unsure if she should say something or not. She watches as Sion stands up, lights a cigarette, and walks into the woods as to not annoy Reaper with the fumes.<p>

Abigail could tell Reaper was keeping an ever watchful eye on her, he didn't trust her. Despite everything both she and Scratcher had done to prove otherwise. Abigail begins to talk, but before she can, a Charger rushes past heading straight for the water treatment facility. He trips over a bag Claw had left and flies several feet and slides on his face for a few more.

Abigail and Reaper watch as the Charger stands back up and continues running. They also look towards the woods to see a battered Sion walk out of it.

"That *_idiot_* ran right into me, dropped my cigarettes into a stream." Sion says in anger. "I'm gonna kill that Charger."

Abigail laughs and Reaper just watches her.

"I'm sorry." Reaper says.

Abigail stops laughing and looks at him, "What are you sorry about?"

He looks at the ground. "I'm sorry I'm being so... cold? I guess? It's just I'm trying to ignore you, because I'm scared of you. And... I know it's wrong. So... sorry."

Abigail smiles. "It's alright. You have your reasons for being afraid. I used to get frightened by Hunters, if that helps at all."

"Yeah but... Witches are much more terrifying." Reaper says.

"Scratcher thinks I'm kind of adorable, though."

"How can someone find a Witch adorable?! ... No offence." I say.

Abigail sighs and folds her arms behind her back so he can't see the claws.

>"Ignore the fact that I'm a Witch, and look at me," she says. "Am I really all that different to a normal woman?"<p>

I look at her for a few seconds before saying: "Well, besides the slight glow to your eyes... y- you don't look very much different... from a normal woman." I pause for a second before looking down and saying. "But it doesn't change the fact that you are a Witch. It is not about how you look, it's about what you are."

"But why? Why are Witches so scary to you?!-" She was beginning to get sad.

Memories of my encounter with the Witch that injured me came flooding back.

"-I was almost killed by a Witch. Stabbed me right through the stomach." I say as I lift my jacket to show the scars. "After I was treated and woke up, I was so delusional I even thought some people were that very same Witch. But I had already killed it, I just couldn't remember through the panic."

Abigail says nothing.

"Afterwards I had always been frightened by Witches. They were the only things at the time that could effectively take me down, besides... bullets." I laugh and fold my arms. "Just, seeing the familiar contour of the face, the- the structure of the body. It just gives me visions of me standing there as the Witch shoves her claws through my stomach and screams in my face. I feel life drain from my body and I'm scared because I know that they can do the same thing just as easily."

Reaper sighs and says, "In the end, you think you are safe to be around? That you wouldn't hurt a fly? That you are innocent? Every infected has the urge to kill within them. You can try fighting it... but it will just make you more violent in the end."

Abigail remains silent and looks at her hands. She doesn't speak until Scratcher and Claw arrive minutes later.

* * *

><p>"We're back!" Scratcher says as he takes off his pack, and Claw realizes he forgot his.<p>

"Why is all my duct tape all over the ground?" Claw says.

Sion stands up and says, "The Charger ran by rushing towards the plant, he tripped over your bag." Sion approaches Claw. "He also made me drop my cigarettes!" He says angrily. "_God damn Chargers._"

Sion's eyes go wide as he sees the Charger appear out of the clearing.

"Hey you ass! Get over here!" Sion yells. "You owe me some smokes!" Sion proceeds to chase the Charger, to which the Charger decides he wants nothing to do with, so he runs away.

"When I catch you, I'll kill you! You hear me?!" Sion yells.

* * *

><p>"We found the Charger running down the tunnel. He had gotten caught up trying to hide from a human caravan group traveling the interstate yesterday so he couldn't get here until now, which is fortunate for us." Scratcher says.<p>

"So, when are we going to head into the City?" I ask.

"Right now. If everyone is ready." Scratcher says.

Once we had determined that everyone was ready, we began our short walk to the facility and left the campgrounds behind. The sun was almost directly above us, we were burning daylight.

Once we got close the the water treatment facility, my nose almost couldn't take the smell. All of the filters and purifiers that had been cleansing the water of sewage had, unfortunately, stopped working. Leaving the stench of the waste to multiply as it gathered in the vats. I gagged for a few seconds, but was able to slightly get over it. No one else had this problem, however, just proving how my mutation was at a more advanced level.

We arrived at a ravine, filled with stagnant waste water, with sidewalks on both sides for maintenance. We jumped down, careful to not land in the waste. Sion and the Charger both took a ladder down, and Abigail jumped on Scratchers back as he jumped down. A few rats ran by our feet, and one even tried to bite my exposed foot, but instead it was crushed by it. The crunch of its bones breaking was satisfying, and it's little squeak of pain was hilariously pathetic.

"So, how far does this tunnel go?" Claw says from the back.

"It's a five minute walk to get to the grate. Then after that about ten minutes to get to the storm drain." Scratcher says.

"Then you and Reaper have to climb the storm drain to restore power

to the elevator that will allow me and the Charger to come up." Sion says.

"Exactly." Scratcher says.

I didn't like being in this small tunnel. We were too vulnerable here. If a group of humans had taken out the grate and were walking down this way, we would all be dead. It made jumpy, and paranoid. I was ready to jump behind Scratcher so he took the bullets. I couldn't dodge bullets with the little amount of room we had.

To my relief, there was no sign of humans at all once we got to the grate. Scratcher wouldn't be a human shield today. Or rather, just 'shield'.

"You ready big guy?" Scratcher says to the Charger, and the Charger replies with a grunt and begins backing up.

I jump across to the other sidewalk and the others follow. We needed to give the Charger all the room he had. We also backed away from the grate, just so no one got thrown if the grate decided to become a revolving door once the Charger hit it.

The Charger puts its giant, fleshy fist in front of itself and begins running. It let's out it's very familiar roar, which bounces around all over the room and causes all Hunters nearby to cover their ears.

The Charger has to hit it twice for it to completely give out. The grate falls with a ear-wrenching crash, and we quickly go through the hole it made.

"This is giving me so much dÃ©jÃ vu." Scratcher says. "This was right before I met you, Abigail."

"I know, I think you've told me before." Abigail says. "I didn't think it would have looked, or smelled, quite like this though." She laughs weakly.

We walked for a few more minutes and eventually came to this giant chasm filled with giant concrete support blocks. This is where the floodwater went.

"Why are so many of these pillars broken?" Sion says as he notices first.

"Oh..." Scratcher says. "About that..." He walks to the edge and looks over. "There's a Tank in here."

"He'll bring this whole place down if he takes out a few more of these pillars, we have to get rid of him." I say.

"Good idea." Scratcher says. "And, speaking of Tanks, I can see him over there."

I take out a pair of binoculars from my bag Sion packed and look through them. In the distance a Tank could be seen tenderizing the dead body of a human. Probably turning it into the equivalent of mush, so it could actually eat it with it's broken jaw and all.

"We can get the jump on it." I say. "Sion, run along these platforms until you are above it. When we attack it shoot it a few times with your revolver. If we get in danger we are relying on you to use your tongue."

"Got it." Sion says.

"Charger, I want you to come down here with us. Sion will lower you down." Sion proceeds to lower him down with his tongue.

"The rest of us will come down and attack it head on. Circle around it and confuse it, and make sure you are outside of arms reach."

Everyone agrees to the plan. Except Abigail.

"I think I'll go with Sion, he can't go off alone." She says.

I am reluctant to the idea, seeing as Smokers prefer being alone in combat. But she did have a point. So I let her go.

"You guys ready?" I say to Scratcher and Claw. They both nod. "Let's go!" I say as I leap off, with Claw and Scratcher following suit. We are in a free fall for 2.5 seconds. Quite an impressive size for a room. I land first, absorbing all the force of the fall into my legs instead of rolling. It didn't make much of a difference. Claw rolls as he lands. And Scratcher lands similarly to me, only more elegant.

We begin running towards the Tank, we look up and see Sion and Abigail running into position. To our side the Charger had been able to circle around the Tank and was ready to charge.

This was perfect.

"SION, NOW!" I yell. The Tank looks towards us and roars, but all we see were two bullets blow through its head, but he's too strong to die from that.

"GO CHARGER!" Scratcher yells. And the Charger rams into the Tank from behind in full force.

The Tank raises it's fist and turns around quickly to hit the Charger, but misses and hits the pillar. As the pillar collapses, Sion is forced to jump to a new pillar, and as Abigail scrambles to follow, she slips and calls out his name. Sion throws out his tongue to catch her, but as she reaches out and grabs it, her claws slice through it like butter.

"Agh, damn it! Reaper, catch her!" Sion yells quickly.

With no time to waste, I jump up and hug the concrete pillar, and then push myself off of it and meet with Abigail flailing around in mid air. In her panic as I catch her, she stabs me in the stomach.

I land on my feet and quickly drop her as I grip my bleeding stomach and fall on my knees. I fall and lay on the ground.

The Tank smelled my blood, and noticing my weakness he runs for me. The Tanks tunnel vision couldn't be taken off of me. Sion is unable

to save me as his tongue had yet to regenerate. The Tank pushes his fist off the ground in a sweeping motion and throws me 40 feet into another pillar. On top of my bleeding out, I also couldn't breath. It's a pretty good feeling.

"This... is what I get... for helping." I say as I cough up blood. I take out a rag from my pocket and put it against my stomach and apply pressure. The bleeding slowed down a little.

In the distance I could hear the Tanks death cry, and I could also hear the others running towards me. But then I black out.

"Is he okay?" Claw asks as Scratcher examines Reapers body.

"No, he's not." Scratcher says. "He needs medical attention and we don't have the supplies he needs." He sighs. "He might not make it."

"He has some bandages in his bag, would that help?" Sion asks.

"It would give him some more time, but we need to find some real medical supplies." Scratcher says. "Hey, Charger. Carry him on your back, I can fasten him pretty securely, and I'll pay you double my original offer."

The Charger happily agrees, but declines the pay increase.

Sion slides down the fallen pillar and joins them.

"Sion, let me see some of your tongue." Scratcher says. Sion complies and Scratcher cuts off a good length of Sion's tongue to use as rope. Once he had finished, Reaper was hanging comfortably from the Chargers back.

* * *

><p>"Where am I?" Reaper says as he looks around.

He was in a long hallway. In front of him, a person was watching him, but it runs down a corner.

"Hey! Wait!" Reaper yells as he runs after it. "Where am I?!" He yells. There is no answer.

He turns down the corner and runs straight into a solid wall. "Where did he go?" He looks down the hall and sees the person on that end.

"H-hey! Hold on! Don't run away!" Reaper yells as he gives chase again. The figure runs around a corner again.

This time when Reaper turns the corner, he sees the person standing relatively close to him. He runs towards him, and once he gets close he is stopped by a thick pane of glass.

"Hey, let me out! I just want to talk to you!" Reaper says as he punches the glass and it begins to shatter. The figure begins to run.

_"Stop!" Reaper says. He breaks the glass and gives chase. The

hallway turns into an obstacle course, with hundreds of common infected running past him. Through the group he can still see the figure, a Hunter, running away. He gives chase._

The commons soon reduce in number, and it looks like he is running through some sort of laboratory. The Hunter is waiting for him.

Reaper approaches him. "Why were you running?!" He asks. "I needed to ask you something."

"You are lost." He says.

"What?" Reaper says.

"The answer to your question. You are lost."

"I know that, but where am I?" Reaper asks.

The Hunter says nothing, and begins walking away.

"Hey, hold up!" Reaper says as he follows him.

Reaper follows the Hunter through a door that leads to a room with two infected locked in some glass tubes. Both asleep, floating in water. One had blue water, the other had red.

"You are lost. And need to be found." The Hunter says.

"What do you mean?" Reaper asks.

"You are conflicted. You have two separate personalities locked away within you. Both fighting constantly for complete control." The Hunter begins. "I represent you, when both sides are balanced."

"But, who are you?" Reaper asks.

"My name is Hunter. And you must find your true self." Hunter says.

"But what am I?" Reaper asks.

Hunter smiles. "You are me, and I am you. We are both Hunters, for we are the same."

"And what are these vats for? Why are they two different colors?"

Hunters smile disappears and he walks to the blue vat. "It's simple. This blue vat contains your heroic nature. Your humanity. What makes you kind and compassionate. As well as give you the patience and focus required to dodge bullets."

The part that I no longer am... at least not very much...' Reaper thinks.

"You relied upon this side heavily when you saved humans. But still had to revert to your red counterpart at times."

Hunter walks to the red vat. "This red vat contains your sadistic nature."

Reapers hands ball up into fists.

"Your infected side. What makes you a Hunter. You relied upon this side heavily when you killed all those humans at the camp in Alaska. It gives you your will to fight. However, you still reverted to your blue counterpart when your friends were involved. Or when you wanted to avoid harm or conflict."

Hunter walks right in front of Reaper and points towards himself.

"I contain your neutrality. I am a perfect balance between blue and red." I then realize his eyes were purple. "I am dying, I cannot maintain this neutrality forever. Even now, I let one side inadvertently take over for periods of time."

"So, you want me to choose?" Reaper asks.

Hunter nods.

"But how can I choose just one without the other? I need both!" Reaper says, outraged.

"Your mental state does not allow this." Hunter says. "There is a way, but you will have to discover this on your own. You will need help before you can discover a true balance between the two, like you used to. For now, you must deal with one at a time. Many will notice your personality shifts."

Reaper looks at his choices with uncertainty.

"If you choose, you can change later, but you can never return to using both at once." Hunter says. "And, you don't have to choose now, I can tell you when I can no longer sustain myself."

"No." Reaper says. "I'm choosing now."

Reaper walks over to the blue vat, and puts his hand on the lever that will wake this side up.

"Wait." Reaper says as he turns to Hunter. "What will happen to you when I pull this lever?"

Hunter smiles. "Pull it and find out."

Reaper keeps his hand stationary for a few seconds, but in the end, he pulls the lever. An alarm rings as blue water begins to rush out of the vat through vents and into the room, coming up to ankle depth.

Inside the vat, the person inside wakes up, and I am surprised to see that he looks exactly like a human. **He is human.**

_"Thank you." Hunter says. Reaper turns to look at him. "Now, I can finally rest." Hunters eyes slowly turn red, and just as he begins to show his savage side, he pulls out a handgun. His handgun. Takes out the bullet with his name on it, slots it into the chamber, pulls back

the hammer, and sticks it into his mouth._

"Wait!" Reaper yells. "Don't!-"

Hunter pulls the trigger.

* * *

><p>-(CHAPTER END)-<p>

* * *

><p>(AN): It took so many revisions to finally be happy with this chapter. I deleted this chapter and started over three times! This being the fourth attempt. But, I am happy with this.

Question of The Chapter: What do you guys think of Reaper picking blue over red? What do you think that says about his character?

(I swear if any of you say because he likes the color blue better I will TOTALLY... PROBABLY kill you. No joke.)

Anyways, that's the chapter. Plus, all of my previous chapters I typed out that were saved on my iPad were deleted. So, that's a thing that is very unfortunate, especially if I want to go back and redo some chapters. But I'll just have to deal with that later.

Anyways, thank you for reading! And, as always, I'll see you all in the next chapter!

8. UPDATE CHAPTER

Infection Kills 2: **Reaper**

_UPDATE __**NOTICE**_

* * *

><p>Hey guys! This is not a chapter, unfortunately. However, this is a pretty important update!<p>

Me and Mr. El Barto have started a forum-based RP right here on FanFiction!

You can check it out here: forum/Undead-Valley-RP/158512

I won't go that much into detail, since more info is at the forum, but I just hope to see you guys there! It's going to be a lot of fun!

So, if you are into Roleplaying, or want to maybe try, come on over! We don't bite!

All see you all in Death Valley! And don't worry, the next chapter is almost finished!

End
file.